

# LITERARY INQUIRER,

AND

## REPERTORY OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Devoted to Original and Selected Tales, Biographical Sketches, Poetry, Literary Intelligence, Domestic and Foreign News, &c.

ONE YEAR—TWO VOLUMES,  
\$3.00; OR \$2.00 IN ADV'CE.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED AT THE OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, OPPOSITE CHEAPSIDE, NO. 177, MAIN STREET.

SIX MONTHS—ONE VOLUME,  
\$1.50; OR \$1.25 IN ADV'CE.

VOL. II.

BUFFALO, (N. Y.) WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1854.

No. 4

### LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

From the Western Monthly Magazine.

#### JAMES KIRKWOOD.—A TRUE NARRATIVE.

James Kirkwood was a Virginian. Young, ardent, moral, learned, talented and ambitious, who could doubt of his success in the profession of his choice? To the law he was enthusiastically devoted, and had made proficiency in that science, rarely equalled by one so young. He removed to C. in the state of Ohio, as furnishing the best situation, in the best field for professional enterprise, in the west, and in the world. His arrival was greeted, his friends increased, his popularity was unbounded, he became the idol of his acquaintances, and every circumstance seemed conspiring with his every wish, and every effort to elevate and promote him. His merit commanded tokens of regard even from the aged; while his equals showed, as he passed, that spontaneous deference, so easily distinguished from the mere effect of gravitation upon the crania of fops and fools, which is always in proportion to the quantity of solid matter reciprocally concerned.

He was free from prejudice; or rather, he was above its influence, to an unusual degree. He accommodated himself, at once, to the society in which he moved; without deteriorating in that manly bearing and courteous affability, which mark the manners of most young gentlemen from the 'old dominion.' He talked with such candor and good sense on the subject of slavery, that he was soon elected an officer of that patriotic, but much slandered institution, the colonization society.

But Kirkwood paid the price of his great popularity. He was to be found every where, except in bad company and in his office. He had in his character much more of the *suaviter in modo* than of the *fortiter in re*. He could not find in his heart to neglect a friend, in order to wait upon the client. The kind regards of 'stranger-friends' must not meet with an ungrate return. His clients were politely requested to 'call again'; but they were in haste, and called on another. It was once or twice hinted in the proper place, by his competitors for professional business, that Mr. K. was too much of a gentleman to please ordinary clients. However this might have been intended, it was understood to mean that he was not a man of business. This insinuation spread, and formed his character with a large class of honest citizens in the surrounding country. When he began to have more time unoccupied by the calls of his friends, he had also fewer interruptions from those who might have been his clients. His real friends surmised the reason, and attempted to remedy the mistake. A few cases were procured for him. His efforts were splendid—his success complete. But the people said, 'he is too much of a gentleman for us.' His friends commended his eloquence and legal ability. But still the reply was—'he is too much of a gentleman. He can make white look black, and black white,'—which was their pithy version of making 'the worse appear the better reason.' Thus his superiority became his detriment. It furnished a fallacious but plausible corroboration of their charge. It was evidence that he was too much above them to be trusted.

He now tried to conciliate favor, by an affected condescension to that familiarity, which, in the case of others, he had observed to be successful in commanding the confidence and goodwill of the populace. But it was all to no purpose. His natural manner, free from misconception, could not have failed to be agreeable, even to the sensible rustic. A departure, therefore, from that manner, was not judicious as a means to obviate that misconception. Kirkwood had not observed that those who hunt for popular applause, artfully claim great superiority over their patrons; and only misrepresent the means by which others have attained to that superiority which their circumstances suggest. The translation, for example, of such apologies as we sometimes hear from the pulpit, for a want of learning, and other usual qualifications for the sacred office, amounts about to this—'without learning, and without opportunities for immediate preparation, my natural talents and the special grace of God vouchsafed to me, an especial favorite of heaven, are sufficient to produce results far surpassing what the cultivated talent of others and the meagre supplies of assistance which they usually receive from on high, because they trust to human wisdom, have ever been known to furnish.' Thus it is in every profession. The man that has risen to eminence without the ordinary advantages of education and training, finds it easy to have his superiority admitted, and admitted without scruple, provided he claims no superiority in respect of rank, education, or refinement. But the better educated and more competent are looked upon with suspicion; and so Kirkwood found it. His efforts to regain his waning popularity, hastened its decline. 'We knew,' said the people, 'we knew he would have to come down. All this is hypocrisy. We like an honest man. He is too much of a gentleman for us.'

Kirkwood had written to his father, at the end of the first year, that things looked favorable; and he hoped, that another year's remittance would be the last that he should need to ask from paternal liberality. But by the commencement of the third year, he had discovered, as he then stated in a letter to his father, that C. was not the place he had taken it to be. Its citizens were fickle in their friendships; and the surrounding inhabitants altogether incapable of appreciating professional merit. This last was demonstrated by the character of those members of the bar, who were almost exclusively patronized by them.

They were, he said, vulgar in their manners; and ignorant, shamefully ignorant of their profession. He added in a postscript, that his next year's remittance would find him in W. farther up the state, as he heard a good account of that place. But the remittance did not arrive, James went to inquire the reason of the delay. The family were overjoyed to see him again under the paternal roof. The old gentleman in particular, was so delighted with his society, that he could not consent again to part with him; and without much difficulty, prevailed on him to remain and superintend the farm, and direct the hospitalities of the mansion.

At the death of his father, James succeeded to the estate. But it was less than when it came into the hands of its former proprietor, by exactly the amount expended in J.'s law education, and in his crusade to Ohio. Whether his legal acquirements, and experience gained in the profession, will enable him to refund to his heir the amount expended, time alone must determine. It is observable, however, that he never speaks of his professional career; and does not seem to be taking any measures to prepare his sons for the bar.

#### SETH BUSHNELL.—A YANKEE TRICK.

Seth Bushnell came to C. about the same time that Kirkwood arrived, a stranger and on foot. And why on foot? Because it enabled him to economize a small sum, that he might not be penniless at his journey's end. And because he could thus mingle with men when under less disguise. And because—But it is needless to enumerate. Those to whom his character will not explain all his reasons for preferring this mode of travelling, would not understand them, should they herewith be detailed. He 'put up' at the same tavern with our former hero. He very soon asserted his claim to some part of New England, as his birthplace, by the almost endless interrogatories, of which his conversation consisted. His questions were none of them impertinent; though from their extreme particularity, some of them were most embarrassing to answer. They even seemed to convey a reproach for the want of accurate observation on the part of the citizens of C. with whom he conversed. But whenever this was the case, they pressed no farther. In less than twenty-four hours from his arrival, he had made himself acquainted with the topography and statistics of the place; had introduced himself to most of the professional men of the place, as 'a stranger who was desirous of obtaining all the information possible of the west, and especially of the town of C.' All this was literally true. But his particular motive was still unavowed. Yet so judiciously did he manage his conversation with all, that instead of his entering the offices of the distinguished men of the respective professions, being though an intruder, he left their occupations pleased with his intelligence and frankness; and by his well-timed and well-turned compliments of C. and its inhabitants, more than once elicited a proffer of service from distinguished individuals, should he conclude to become a citizen of their borough. These proffers they might, after a little reflection, have been disposed to recall. They could not well tell why they had been induced to take such an interest in a stranger, of whose character and intentions they knew absolutely nothing. They were, however, never called upon to redeem their pledge. Seth Bushnell was not a man to take advantage of such ingenuous, though somewhat instinctive emotions, in favor of a stranger. To such an offer made by judge H. the most successful attorney of the place, he replied, 'that it conferred an obligation which he could not otherwise cancel than by accepting it.' And though he had not made up his mind determinately as to the course he would pursue, yet, if the judge pleased, he would, while he remained in town, resort occasionally to his office to look through his books; for which privilege, he would consider it a favor to be permitted to do any writing which might be required in the office, and to which he was competent. This was cordially assented to.

Upon his return to the hotel, he paid his bill, and commenced 'a regular boarder,' to the no small relief of the landlord, who always looked with suspicion upon yankee pedestrians; especially if, as our hero, they deposited nothing of much value in the bar, that might serve as a pledge for the payment of their bills. His embarrassment was especially relieved upon 'Mr.' Bushnell's being incidentally compelled to display a 'considerable' bundle of bank notes in making change for the payment of his already incurred expenses. In removal of some objections which he had at first made to taking Mr. B. as a boarder, he promptly now recollected that one of his former boarders had that morning 'left.' 'A worthless fellow! To be sure, he always paid his way. But then he was never prompt. Had to be dunned. It was always more pleasant to have those for boarders who had money, and did not depend on their wages for the means of remunerating their "entertainer." Mr. B. should be most heartily welcome to his place at the table and in the bar.'—He concluded by hinting that it was sometimes convenient for strangers who had money about them, to pay a little in advance! Seth Bushnell did not comprehend the convenience.

The stranger soon became a favorite in judge H.'s office, with its owner, with his students, and with the clients who called on business. He executed with accuracy and despatch, the business assigned him. His services in the office soon became indispensable. He read law with indefatigable perseverance and the most astonishing success. He attended the lyceum, and soon became distinguished as a lecturer and a fair and candid polemic. He frequented the church and formed an important

acquisition to the choir. He was useful in the sabbath school—attentive in time of sickness—the first man at 'a fire.' He modestly suggested plans for the improvement of common schools, which were found worthy of adoption. He showed himself interested in all the interests of his fellowcitizens—was active in promoting them, and without obtrusiveness or impertinent interference. He was often a leader, but only when he was entreated to become such. In short, he was welcome every where he went, for he was never found beyond the sphere of his business; unless in cases of such unequivocal propriety as silenced all complaint.

At the end of a year, it was the advice of his instructor to apply for license to practice law. He underwent the requisite examinations; was admitted to the bar; taken at once into partnership with judge H. and immediately commenced to practice in the courts. His first attempts were successful. This stimulated him to still greater application; and by the time that James Kirkwood was ready to remove from C. as not affording sufficient encouragement for an enterprising attorney, Seth Bushnell commanded a practice worth \$2000 per annum, and sound popularity worth twice that sum. His success has been still increasing, because his merits and his industry have continued to increase. And now, sir, can you tell me why Bushnell did not come to C. in the stage? Why he did not announce himself as S. B. esq. either in person or by letters of introduction? Why he did not take pains to have it known that he was a graduate of Yale college, and had studied law at one of the first law schools in New England? Why he did not 'advertise for business,' and give his 'references,' in the Gazette? Why he chose to come into his profession by a review and re-examination on the whole ground of his professional studies, rather than to wait a year in idleness, until he could be regularly admitted, according to our statute, 'on that subject made and provided?' If you cannot tell the why and the wherefore of all this, and especially, of all his success, notwithstanding all this, perhaps you can tell of some dozen, or more, young gentlemen, who did all that Bushnell did not do, and yet have failed, of success. Failed, not like the hero of our former tale, simply for the want of energy and decision of character; involving in their failure the wonder and regret of all who knew them; but through their unwarrantable pretensions to superiority of education, and even of that knowledge which inspection and experience alone can give! Who failed, not in consequence of a good education—through professional reading—superior talents—respectable connexions, and the most unexceptionable testimonials of moral character; but *despite* of all these, wholly for the want of that degree of common sense which would have taught them, 'that the only way to conquer is to obey.' And that self-esteem is not incompatible with the means of a sound and lasting popularity. SENEX.

#### FLOWERS.—BY A LADY.

There is no feeling more universal than the love of flowers. In every stage of human society, from the most savage, to the most cultivated and refined, those fanciful productions of nature have an effect to awaken the joyous pulse of life; to still the troubled spirit, and impart a feeling of serenity and hope. They ornament the earth with a profusion and beauty, superior to any thing that art could bestow; and impress the imagination, as existing witnesses of a state of departed innocence and happiness. One who has a taste to discriminate and admire the varied beauties of nature, experiences an elevation of thought, when contemplating the higher order of its productions; and emotions come over the heart and mind that are sometimes difficult to understand or describe, which the proudest structure reared by man's skill and ingenuity can never call forth, and with which, in comparison, the noblest flight of human genius appears cold and insipid. The inhabitant of a great city, imprisoned within its walls by business or necessity, becomes more interested in that part of nature's operations, which relate to mind. Constantly engaged in witnessing the constant display of men's passions, and in studying their motives, he becomes at length, incapable of receiving a high degree of pleasure from objects unconnected with the exciting influence of busy crowds. But to the genuine child of sensibility and fancy, solitary scenes of natural loveliness have a renovating power upon the affections and the understanding. Who can view the waving trees, with woodbine and grape encircling the top, forming a flowery canopy, with a velvet carpet of turf beneath—the feathered warblers, the sky, the wave, the lake, and the mountain flower, blooming like the spirit of liberty, wild and free—who can listen to the soft tones of the wind, and view the bright clouds floating over us to the music of its melodies, and still feel no gratitude or joy?

Pastoral poets have described a terrestrial paradise, where all the delightful productions of different seasons and climates are collected in one spot; and have ingeniously peopled it with beautiful unsophisticated shepherdeses, who are wooed by tender swains, expressing pure and disinterested love, with enchanting simplicity and delicacy; and uncontaminated by rude manners and coarse expressions! Pity that their imagined devotion and assiduity should not be more generally imitated!

'Not a pine in my grove is there seen,  
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;  
Not a beech's more beautiful green,  
But a sweet briar entwines it around;  
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,  
More charms than my cattle unfold;  
Not a brook, but is limpid and clear,  
And they glitter with fishes of gold.  
'One would think she might like to retire  
To the bower I have labored to rear;  
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,  
But I hastened and planted it there!  
Oh, how sudden the jessamine strove  
With the lilac to render it gay!  
Already it calls for my love  
To prune the wild branches away.'



Imaginative nations have attached symbolical significations to flowers. Who does not know that the rose is the flower of love? And how sad but beautiful is the passage of Shakespeare, where Rosemary, the flower of widows, and of mourning for the departed, is so happily introduced. In Asia, where the language of flowers originated, the seclusion of women, and their ignorance of writing, connected with their lively imagination, must be considered the chief cause of its invention. The ladies of the East carry on a correspondence by means of flowers. Malden says, 'a Turkish lady is wooed by an invisible lover: a hyacinth is occasionally dropped in her path, by an unknown hand, and her female attendant, talks of a certain *café*, seeking a lady's love, as the nightingale aspires to the rose.' In the original language of flowers, a rose without thorns, means *no hope every thing*. Whilst a rose without leaves, means *there is no hope*. The beautiful foliage, the graceful form, the large size, and delicious fragrance of its blossoms, has obtained for the rose the appellation of queen of flowers; and it has been immortalized in history, as well as in song and romance. For several reigns, the *war of the roses* convulsed England; and the two parties, one bearing the cognizance of the white rose, and the other the red, recognized their friends in arms by the tint of the flower, and performed deeds of valor for its defence. The lily has always held a prominent place in emblematic language: the white lily, is an emblem of purity; and Garcia, king of Navarre, instituted an 'order of the lily,' in the year 1048, in honor of the Virgin Mary. It is well known as the cognizance of the Bourbons; and in France has long been a party emblem. In 1814, the adherents of the Bourbons, wore a lily in the button-hole, suspended by a white ribbon. In 1830, when the baptism of the duke of Bourbon was publicly celebrated, the people, indignant at such a scene, destroyed the lily wherever it could be found.

Although greatly inferior to the infinite diversity of a natural landscape, a garden produces in a great degree emotions of enchantment and delight; it presents forms of beauty and variety, novel from their regularity, and cleared from all mixture with the noxious and unsightly. The art of gardening deservedly ranks among the finer inventions of genius. In tropical climates, the luxury of perpetual verdure, and the blessing of health, might be enjoyed, in far greater proportion, were the inhabitants industrious, persevering, and enterprising. Regular avenues, beneath lofty umbrageous trees, would afford air and exercise, protected from the rays of the sun; and clearing up the wild forests, entangled and rendered impassable by inter-twisted plants and shrubs, would promote a free circulation of healthy and pure atmosphere. A description of those regions, resembles the poet's Arcadia, or a dream of the imagination. On approaching the coast of Brazil, the appearance of the country is highly romantic; the hills are covered with a luxuriant vegetation, of which no description can give an adequate idea; and the delightful perfume of aromatic shrubs is wafted many miles to sea. The valleys are clothed with a verdure that never fades, and ornamented with a great variety of flowering trees and shrubs, the interior is an impenetrable forest, interwoven with brushwood and creeping plants, adorned with gay and beautiful flowers, which give a peculiar and rich aspect to the scenery. The islands of Oceania are thus described: 'a climate of perpetual spring, produces a continual succession of the richest and rarest opening blossoms and ripening fruits. The feathered race, remarkable for the beauty of their plumage, sport amid the spicy groves, and give an aspect of enchantment to the scene; and here, could mankind throw off their vices, they might lead lives, exempt from trouble and from want.' Africa is distinguished for the profusion, variety, grace, and brilliancy of its flowering trees, shrubs, and plants. Fields of the white rose, are cultivated in the Barbary states for distillation, and the *otto* is exported to all parts of the civilized world. In Loango, are seen forests of flowering and fragrant trees; groves of the orange, wild cinnamon, acacia; and tulips, lilies, hyacinths and a great variety of splendid flowers, to us entirely unknown, ornament the plains. How melancholy to turn from such descriptions of romantic beauty, to the degraded inhabitants of those favored regions, who are scarcely elevated in the scale of existence above the tiger, the crocodile, the boa, and the disgusting baboon and ape. Would some modern hermit preach a crusade against the immense herds of ferocious wild animals that infest Africa, and fairly dispute possession of the soil with the human race, thousands might be employed in exterminating them from the earth, who now spend their time in worse than useless religious and political collision; and they would render a more important service, and acquire more fame and glory than the crusaders of old. Some writers suppose there exists a degenerating principle in the climate of the middle zone; but a fair experiment is yet to be made. A more strict attention to temperance, and prudence in avoiding the mid-day heat and heavy dew is more necessary than in our climate. But the Arab, who traverses the desert, reclines under his tent in the heat of the day, takes his meal of boiled rice and a few dried plums, drinks pure water from the spring, or the milk of his camel, and lives to a good old age, blessed with health and cheerfulness.

The empire of vegetation is unbounded; from the summit of the Andes, where the lichen creeps over the hardest rock, to the bottom of the ocean, where floating fields of plants rise unseen; even upon the dark vaults of mines, and upon the walls of the deepest caverns, plants are found; and the desolate regions of the frozen zone, admit dwarf birch and willow, and a covering of moss is found beneath the snow.

The most distinguished painter of flowers, was John Huysum, born at Amsterdam, in 1682. He was so jealous of rivalry, that he permitted no one to see him at work. He reached the highest degree of perfection, in representing the transitory blossom in its most perfect state: even the dew and the insects he painted upon them were like real life. His pictures sold for a thousand to fourteen hundred florins. Haarlem, was formerly the centre of an extensive trade in flowers. In 1636, and 1637, a real *tulip mania* prevailed in Holland; and thirteen thousand florins were frequently paid for a single bulb. Between Alenmas and Leyden, there are more than twenty acres of land appropriated to the cultivation of hyacinths alone. There are still thirteen or fourteen great florists in and around Haarlem, besides a number of less importance; and they send their flowers to Germany, Russia, England, &c., and even to Turkey and the Cape of Good Hope. So many advantages, with respect to health, tranquillity of mind, useful knowledge, and inexhaustible amusement, are united in the cultivation and study of plants, that it should be warmly recommended to every one's attention. [1b.]

#### KATE CONNOR.—BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Where is my cabin door—first by the wild wood?  
Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?  
Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?  
And where is my bosom friend—dearer than all?"

Campbell.

"Trust me, your Lordship's opinion is unfounded," said the lady Helen Graves; and, as the noble girl uttered the words, her eye brightened and her cheek flushed with greater feeling than high-born fashionables generally deem necessary.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Earl, looking up at the animated features of his god-daughter, "and how comes my pretty Helen to know aught of the matter? Methinks she has learned more than the mysteries of harp and lute, or the soft tones of the Italian and Spanish tongues. Come," he continued, "sit down in this soft ottoman and prove the negative to my assertion—that the Irish act only from impulse not from principle."

"How long can an impulse last?" enquired the lady, who, like a good girl, did as she was bid (which women, by the way, seldom do, unless they have a point to carry,) and seated herself at her god-father's feet, in the very spot he wished, playfully resting her rosy cheek on his hand, as she enquired—"tell me first how long an impulse can last?"

"It is only a momentary feeling, my love, although acting upon it may embitter a long life."

"But an impulse cannot last for a month, can it? Then I am quite safe; and now your Lordship must listen to a true tale, and must suffer me to tell it in my own way, *brogue* and all; and, moreover, must have patience. It is about a peasant maiden, whom I dearly love—ay, and respect too, and whenever I think of sweet Kate Connor, I bless God that the aristocracy of virtue (if I dare use such a phrase) may be found in all its lustre in an Irish cabin."

"It was on one of the most chill of all November days, the streets and houses filled with fog, and the few stragglers in the square, in their dark clothes, looking like dirty demons in a smoky pantomime, that papa and myself, at the *outré* season, when every body is out of town, arrived here from Brighton; he had been summoned on business and I preferred accompanying him to remaining on the coast alone. 'Not at home to any one,' were the orders issued when we sat down to dinner. The cloth had been removed, and papa was occupying himself in looking over some papers; from his occasional frown I fancied they were not of the most agreeable nature; at last I went to my harp and played one of the airs of my country, of which I knew he was particularly fond. He soon left his seat, and kissing my forehead with much tenderness, said, 'the strain is too melancholy for me just now, Helen, for I have received no very pleasant news from my Irish agent.' I expressed my sincere sorrow at the circumstance and ventured to make some enquiries as to the intelligence that had arrived. 'I cannot understand it,' he said; 'when we resided there, it was only from the papers that I heard of the—dreadful murders, horrible outrages, and malicious burnings. All around us was peace and tranquillity; my rents were as punctually paid as in England; for in both countries a tenant, yes, and a good tenant too, may sometimes be in arrear. I made allowance for the national character of the people; and while I admired the contented and happy faces that smiled as joyously over potatoes and milk as if the board had been covered with a feast of venison, I endeavored to make them *desire* more, and then thought to attach them to me by supplying their new wants.'

"And dear, sir, you succeeded," I said; "never were hearts more grateful—never were tears more sincere, than when we left them to the care of that disagreeable, ill-looking agent."

"Hold, lady Mal-a-pert!" interrupted my father, sternly, "I selected Mr. O'Brien: you can know nothing as to his qualifications. I believe him to be an upright, but I fear me, a stern man; and I apprehend he has been made the tool of a party."

"Dear papa, I wish you would again visit the old castle.—A winter amongst my native mountains would afford me more pure gratification than the most successful season in London." My father smiled and shook his head. "The rents are now so difficult to collect that I fear—" he paused, and then added abruptly, "it is very extraordinary, often as I mentioned it to O'Brien, that I can receive no information as to the Connors. You have written frequently to your poor nurse, and she must have received the letters—I sent them over with my own, and they have been acknowledged!" He had scarcely finished this sentence when he heard the porter in a loud remonstrance with a female who endeavored to force her way through the hall. I half opened the library door, where we were sitting, to ascertain the cause of the interruption. "Ah, then, sure you wouldn't have the heart to turn a poor creature from the door that's come such a way just to spake in words to his lordship's glory! And don't tell me that my lady Millin wouldn't see me, and she to the fore!" It was enough; I knew the voice of my nurse's daughter; and would, I do think, have kissed her with all my heart, but she fell on her knees, and clasping my hand firmly between hers, exclaimed, while the tears rolled down her cheeks, and sobs almost choked her utterance—"Holy Mary! Thank God! 'tis herself, sure!—though so beautiful!—and no ways proud!—and I will have justice!" And then in a subdued voice she added—"Praise to the Lord!—his care never left me; and I could die content this minute—only for you, mother, dear!—y'erself only—and—!" Our powdered knaves, I perceived, smiled and sneered, when they saw Kate Connor seated by my side—and my father (heaven bless him for it!) opposite to us in his great arm-chair, listening to the story that Kate had to unfold.

"Whin ye's left us, we all said that the winter was come in earnest, and that the summer was gone forever. Well, my lord, we struv to please the agent, why not?—sure he was the master ye set over us!—but it doesn't become the like of me, nor would be manners, to turn my tongue agin him, and he made as good a gentleman, to be sure, by ye'r lordship's notice—which the whole country knew he was not afore, either by birth or breeding. Well, my lady, sure if you put a soul o' turf, saving ye'r presanee—in a gold dish, its only a turf still; and he must have been Ould Nick's born child, (Lord save us!) when ye'r honor's smile couldn't brighten him! And it's the truth I'm telling, and no lie; first of all the allowance to my mother was stopped for damage the pig did to the new hedges; and then we were obliged to give our best fowl as a *compliment* to Mr. O'Brien—because the goat (and the crather without a tooth!) skinned the trees; then the priest, (ye'r Lordship minds father Lavery) and the agent quarrelled, and so, out o' spite, he set up a school and would make all the childer go and larn there! and thin the priest lindred—and to be sure westud by the church—and so there was nothing but fighting; and the boys give over

work, seeing that the tip-tops didn't care how things went, only abusing each other. But it isn't that I should be bothering your kind honors wid. My brother, near two years ago, picked up with the hoith of bad company—God knows how—and got above us all, so grand like—wearing a new coat, and watch, and a jewel ring!—so, when he got the *time o' day* in his pocket, he wouldn't look at the same side o' the way we went; well, lady dear, this struck to my mother's heart, yet it was only the beginning of trouble—he was found in the dead o' night, (continued poor Kate, her voice trembling) but ye hard it all, 'twas in the papers—and he was sent beyant the seas. Och! many's the night we have spint crying to think of that shame—or, on our bare bended knees, praying that God might turn his heart.—Well, my lady, upon that Mr. O'Brien made no more ado, but said we were a seditious family, and that he had ye'r lordship's warrant to turn us out; and that the cabin—the nate little cabin ye gave to my mother—was to go to the gauger."

"He did not dare to say that!" interrupted my father, proudly; he did not dare to use my name to a falsehood!"

"The word—the very word I spoke," exclaimed Kate; "Mother, says I, his Lordship would never take back, for the sin of the son, what he gave to the mother! Sure it was hard upon her gray hairs to see her own boy brought to shame, without being turned out of her little place, whin the snow was on the ground, in the cold night, when no one was stirring to say, God save ye. I remember it well, he would not suffer us to take so much as a blanket, because the bits o' things were to be canted the next morning to pay the rent of a field which my brother took but never worked; my poor mother cried like a baby; and happing the ould gray cat, that your ladyship gave for a token, when it was a small kit, in her apron, we set off, as well as we could, for Mrs. Mahoney's farm. It was more than two miles from us—and the snow drifted, and och! how sorrow *weakens* a body! and my mother foundered like, and couldn't walk; so I covered her over to wait till she rested, and sure your token, my lady, the cat you gave her, kept her warm, for the baste had the sinse a'most o' a christian. Well, I was praying to God to direct us for the best (but may-be I'm tiring your honors) whin, as if from heaven, up drives Barney, and—"

"Who is Barney, Kate?"

"I wish, my dear lord, you could have seen Kate Connor when I asked that question; the way-worn girl looked absolutely beautiful; I must tell you, that she had exchanged by my desire, her tattered gown, and travel-stained habiliments, for a smart dress of my waiting maid's, which, if it were not correctly put on, looked to my taste all the better. Her face was pale, but her fine, dark, intelligent eyes gave it much and varied expression; her beautiful hair—even Lafont's trim cap, could not keep it within proper bounds—actuated, probably, by former bad habits, came straying, (or, as she would call it, *stealing*) down her neck, and her mobile mouth was garnished with a set of teeth which many a duchess would envy; she was sitting on a low seat, her crossed hands resting on her knees, and was going through her narrative in as straight forward a manner as could be expected; but my unfortunate question as to the identity of Barney put her out; face, forehead, and neck, were crimsoned in an instant; papa turned away his head to smile, and I blushed from pure sympathy."

"Barney—is Barney—Mahoney—my lady," she replied at length, rolling up Lafont's flounce in lieu of her apron, "and a great true friend of—of—my mother's."

"And of yours also, I suspect, Kate," said my father.

"We were neighbors' childer, please your honourable lordship, and only natural if we had a—a-friendly—"

"Love for each other," said my lordly papa: for once condescending to banter.

"It would be far from the likes o' me to contradict ye'r honor," she stammered forth at length.

"Go on with your story," said I gravely.

"I'm thinking my lord, and my lady, I left off in the snow,—Oh, no, he was come up with the car. Well, to be sure he took us to his mother's house—and och, my lady, but its in the walls of poor cabins ye find hearts!—not that I'm down-running the gintry, who, to be sure, knows better manners—but its a great blessing to the traveller to have a warm fire, and dry lodging and a share of whatever's going—all for the love of God, and *cead mile fuille* with it! Well, to be sure, they never looked to our property; and Barney thought to persuade me to make my mother his mother, and never heeded the disgrace that had come to the family; and, knowing his heart was set upon me, his mother did the same, and my own mother, too—the crather wanted me settled; well—they all cried, and wished it done off at once, and it was a sore trial that. Barney, says I, let go my hand; hould ye'r whistle, all o' ye, for the blessed virgin's sake, and dont be making me mad entirely; and I seemed to gain strength, though my heart was bursting."

"Look! (says I) bitter wrong has been done us; but no matter, I know our honorable landlord had neither act nor part in it—how could he? and my mind misgives that my lady has often written to you, mother, for it isn't in her to forget owd friends; but I'll tell ye what I'll do, there's nobody we know, barring his reverence and the schoolmaster, could tell the rights of it to his honor's glory upon paper; his reverence wouldn't meddle nor make in it, and the schoolmaster's friend of the agent's; so ye see, dears, I'll just go fair and say off to London myself, and see his lordship, an' make him *sensible*. And, before I could say my say, they all, all but Barney, set up such a scornful laugh at me as never was heard. She's mad, says one; she's a fool, says another; where's the money to pay your expenses? says a third; and how could ye find your way, that doesn't know a step o' the road, even to Dublin? says a fourth. Will I waited till they were all done, and then took the thing quietly. I don't think, says I, there's either madness or folly in trying to get one's own again; as to the money, it's but little of that I want, for I've the use of my limbs and can walk, and it'll go hard if one of ye's won't lend me a pound, or, may-be, thirty shillings, and no one shall ever lose by Kate Connor, to the value of a brass farthing; and as to not knowing the road, sure I've a tongue in my head; and, if I hadn't, the great God, that t'aches the innocent swallows their way over the salt seas, will do as much for a poor girl."



who puts all her trust in him. My heart's against it, said Barney, but she's in the right; and then he wanted to persuade me to go before the priest, with him; but no, says I, I'll never do that till I find justice; I'll never bring both shame and poverty to an honest boy's hearth-stone. I'll not be tiring y'er noble honors any longer with the sorrow, and all that, when I left them; they'd have forced me to take more than the thirty shillings—God knows how they raised that same—but I thought it enough; and, by the time I reached Dublin, there was eight of it gone; small way the rest lasted; and I was ill three days, from the sea, in Liverpool. Oh! when I got a good piece of the way—when my bits o' rags were all sold—my feet bare and bleeding, and the doors of the sweet white cottage shut against me, and I was tould to go to my parish,—thin, thin I felt that I was in the land of the cold-hearted stranger. Ooh! the English are a fine honest people, but no ways tender; well, my lord, the hardest temptation I had at all (and here lady Helen looked up into her god-father's face, with a supplicating eye, and pressed her small white hand affectionately upon his arm, as if to rivet his most earnest attention) 'was when I was sitting crying by the roadside, for I was tired and hungry, and, who of all the birds in the air, drives up in a sort of a cart, but mister O'Hay, the great pig marchant, from a mile beyant our place; well, to be sure, it was he wasn't surprised when he sees me! Come back with me, Kate, honey! says he; I'm going straight home, and I'll free your journey; when ye return, I'll let the boy, you know, have a nate little cabin I've got to let, for (he was pleased to say) you deserve it. But I thought I'd persevere to the end, so (God bless him for it!) he had only tin shillings—seeing he was to receive the money for the pig he had sold at the next town—but what he had he gave me; that brought me to the rest of the journey; and if I hadn't much comfort by the way, sure I had hope, and that's God's own blessing to the sorrowful; and now, here I am, asking justice, in the name of the widow and the orphan, that have been wronged by the black-hearted men; and, sure as there's light in heaven, in his garden the nettle and the hemlock will soon grow, in place of the sweet roses; and when he lies in his bed, in his dying bed the just and holy God—My father here interrupted, and in a calm firm voice reminded her that before him she must not indulge in invective. 'I humbly ask your honor's pardon,' said the poor girl, 'I leave it all now just to God and y'er honor; and shame upon me that forgot to power upon you, my lady, the blessings the old mother of me sint ye,—full and plenty may ye ever know! said she from her heart, the cratur! may the sun never be too hot, or the snow too cold, for ye! may ye live in honor, and die in happiness, and, in the ind, may heaven be y'er bed!'

"And now, my dear lord," continued the Lady Helen, "tell me, if a fair English maiden, with soft blue eyes, and delicate accent, had thus suffered; if driven from her beloved home, with a helpless parent, she had refused the hand of the man she loved because she would not bring poverty to his dwelling—if she had undertaken a journey to a foreign land, suffered scorn and starvation—been tempted to return, but, until her object was accomplished, until justice was done to her parent, resisted that temptation—would you say she acted from impulse or from principle?"

"I say," replied the old gentleman, answering his god-daughter's winning smile, "that you are a saucy gypsy to catch me in this way. Fine times, indeed, when a pretty lass of eighteen talks down a man of sixty! But tell me the result."

Instead of returning to Brighthelm, my father, without apprising our worthy agent, in three days arranged for our visiting dear Ireland! Only think how delightful!—so romantic, and so useful, too! Kate—you cannot imagine how lovely she looked; she quite eclipsed Lafont! Then her exclamations of delight were so new, so curious—nothing so original to be met with, even at the soirées of the literati. There you may watch for a month without hearing a single thing worth remembering; but Kate's remarks were so shrewd, so mixed with observation and simplicity, that every idea was worth noting. I was so pleased with the prospect of meeting, the discomfiture of the agent, the joy of the lovers, and the wedding—(all stories that end properly end in that way, you know)—that I did not even request to spend a day in Bath. We hired a carriage in Dublin, and, just on the verge of papa's estate, saw Mr. O'Brien, his hands in his pockets, his fuzzy red hair sticking out all around his dandy hat, like a burning fire-bush, and his vulgar, ugly face as dirty as if it had not been washed for a month. He was lordling it over some half-naked creatures, who were breaking stones, but who, despite his presence, ceased working as the carriage approached. "There's himself," muttered Kate. We stopped—and I shall never forget the appalled look of O'Brien when my father put his head out of the window. Cruikshank should have seen it. He could not utter a single sentence. Many of the poor men also recognized us, and, as we nodded and spoke to some we recognized amongst them, shouted so loudly, for fair joy, that the horses galloped on, not before, however, the triumphant Katherine, almost throwing herself out, exclaimed, "And I'm here, Mr. O'Brien, in the same coach wid my lord and my lady, and now we'll have justice!" at which my father was very angry and I was equally delighted. It was worth a king's ransom to see the hapiness of the united families of the Connors and Mahoneys; the grey cat even purred with satisfaction; then such a wedding! Only fancy, my dear lord, my being bridesmaid! dancing an Irish jig on an earthen floor! Ye exquisites and exclusives!—how would ye receive the Lady Helen Graves if this were known at Almack's?—From what my father saw and heard, when he used his own eyes and ears for the purpose, he resolved to reside six months out of the twelve at Castle Graves. You can scarcely imagine how well we get on; the people are sometimes a little obstinate, in the matter of smoke, and, now and then, an odd dunghill too near the door, and, as they love liberty themselves, do not much like to confine their pigs. But these are only trifles. I have my own school on my own plan, which I will explain to you another time, and now will only tell you that it is visited by both clergyman and priest; and I only wish that all our absentees would follow our example, and then, my dear god-papa, the Irish would have good impulses and act upon right principles."

## AURORA BOREALIS.—No. 1.

—An inconstant blaze,  
That trembles in the Northern sky,  
And glares on midnight's startled eye!"

One of the most remarkable phenomena which we behold and admire, but are at a loss to comprehend, is that brilliant meteor, which in its faintest glimmerings on the Northern sky, resembles the light which precedes the rising sun, and hence derives its name, the Aurora Borealis, or Northern dawn, more commonly called the Northern Lights. The phenomenon has always been familiar to our sight, and if the study of its properties and probable causes, will repay our curiosity, as much as its appearance, unexplained, has commanded our admiration, we shall have little reason to regret that we have chosen it for the subject of an article.

The Aurora Borealis has so often lent a transient lustre to the cool nights of our latitude, that few need be told the variety of shapes which it assumes. Its most common appearance is that of a broad sheet of pale, yellow light, blended at times with red, intermingled with long streaks of whitish light, darting upwards from the horizon to the zenith. But it has a multiplicity of forms, varying in the intensity and color of light, velocity of motion, and duration of appearance, from the faint, quick flashes—like the heat lightning of a sultry evening—to the steady, brilliant column, standing like a pillar of fire in the sky. Sometimes, like an immense magic lantern, it flings its fanciful forms along the whole Northern space, spire mingling with column in beautiful array, now a wavy fold of light, like the shaking of gilded tapestry, and now a broad sheet of molten radiance, laid on, as it were, with a feathery brush. Sometimes it appears directly overhead, as a glittering crown about the zenith; and once in half a century, perhaps, as if to startle the mind with its wonderful character, rivaling the rainbow in grandeur and beauty, it spans with a bright arch this nether world, winging its sublime and majestic flight across the firmament.

This dazzling meteor has been a perfect Jack-o'-lantern to the philosophers of the last century, for its various appearances have been scarcely equal in number to the theories which have been proposed in explanation of its character.

The Aurora Borealis appears in the Frigid and Temperate Zones, in a great variety of shapes and colors, usually increasing in brilliancy and intensity of light as we approach the Polar regions. In our latitude, it is seen in the north-east, and north, when the atmosphere is cold and clear, as a sheet of pale light, of a yellowish hue, although it sometimes changes to a deep red. In the higher latitudes, the phenomenon is more varied and beautiful; while in the Arctic regions, it assumes shapes and colors truly terrific, and is far more frequent. In the Shetland Islands, it appears almost constantly during the clear evenings of autumn, where some of its forms, called the merry dancers, are described as first appearing in the horizon of a pale yellow color, sometimes continuing for hours without any sensible motion. Suddenly they shoot into columns, then disappear, and again dart from the clear sky in a thousand fanciful shapes, blending the yellow with red, in all the beautiful variety of shades. Portions of the sky, where none have been seen before, are suddenly traversed by brilliant flashes of light, which, as suddenly extinguished, leave as dark a void as before. Sometimes they assume the shape of battlements and towers, spears and swords, and the conflict of armed warriors;—and in particular states of the atmosphere, the light becomes tinged with the hue of blood, awakening the fears of the superstitious people, and causing them to lend a willing ear to prophetic warnings of woe and destruction. To a highly wrought imagination, the short columns of light may indeed seem to be battlements on high, and the rapid intermingling of the pointed spires may well be linked to the clashing of spears, and the fierce war of the spirits of light. If, with these vivid and strange appearances, we also consider the fact, that in the Northern regions, during the near approach of the meteor to the earth, a hissing, crackling noise is frequently heard, like the explosion of a rocket, or the sound which proceeds from a building on fire, we need not wonder that the unlearned and superstitious inhabitants of those regions have peopled the sky with a race of fiery beings, whose terrible warfare is at times revealed. No doubt many traditions of strange sights in the air, which come to us through the ancient poets, refer to some unusual appearance of the Aurora, which superstition magnifies into terrific omens, and which, unexplained, serve to increase the superstition of the unphilosophical observers. They have found their way into Shakespeare's grand repository of ancient customs, traditions, and superstitious observances, where much of the fine imagery is derived, not from the fancy of the great poet, but from his wonderful faculty of working up the materials which nature supplied. When Owen Glendower, in Henry IV., arrogantly declared, that at his nativity,

"The port of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
Of burning, cressets"

he boasted of no unreal prodigy, perhaps, but of some portentous light in the sky, which, it may be, was an unusual and frightful appearance of the Aurora Borealis. Nor are these superstitions peculiar to modern nations. The ancients drew omens from the same source, and had different names for the various forms which the meteor assumed. The Romans saw in such phenomena, the bolts of Jupiter, presaging wrath to the offending people; and caught the inspiration of certain victory, at the sight of the glittering spear and standard, which blazed upon the heavens. Shakespeare has not failed to seize upon this illustration of ancient superstition. Thus, in Julius Caesar, Calphurnia, in her vain attempt to deter Caesar from venturing forth to the capitol, in addition to her own dreams, recounts the sights seen by the night watch:

"Fierce, fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,  
In ranks, and squadrons, in the right form of war,  
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;  
The noise of battle hurried in the air!"

The Aurora Borealis appears more frequently in the higher altitudes, and more frequently in all places, at some seasons than at others. Its appearance, then, seems to depend on the state of the atmosphere; for sometimes none will be seen for several years; and again, it will appear many times during a single season. In this climate, it is seen, in its ordinary form, usually two or three times in the course of the year. It is brightest after a sudden change in the temperature of the air, as from a thaw to a frost. We see it in almost as many varieties as the inhabitants of countries nearer the Pole, though it is neither so frequent nor so brilliant. We have the vivid streamers, the wavy columns, the glittering crown about the zenith; where the streamers from different quarters converge, like the sticks of an open umbrella, and the splendid arch across the heavens. But there has been no very remarkable Aurora since the splendid and magnificent arch, which, it will be recollected, appeared on the twenty-eighth of August, 1827. It was seen in nearly all the states as far south as Maryland, and was first observed at half past nine o'clock, as a whitish light, like a fire at some distance. It soon became more intense, and of a columnar shape. In a few minutes, waves of light in detached masses, began to flow from East to West, until the whole were blended, and the heavens were adorned with the beautiful arch, extending from N. N. West to E. N. East, with its centre about fif-

teen degrees north of the zenith. Its greatest breadth at the centre was about ten degrees, tapering almost to a point at the west, where the light was much brighter. The Eastern segment was at no time so distinct as the Western, but was rendered beautiful by the constant passage of waves of apparently illuminated vapor, the lines of which were at right angles to the line of the arch. The whole arch moved with a gradual and uniform motion towards the zenith at a quarter past ten o'clock, presenting throughout its whole length a broad, bright band of wavy light, studded with stars, which were seen distinctly through it. As it passed the zenith, it broke up into columns of great brightness. The color of the light was a bright white. The Aurora had for several evenings been unusually bright, and the atmosphere was cool and clear. During the continuance of the arch; the common Aurora was not very brilliant, but afterwards it was unusually splendid. A great bank of light lay almost permanently in the Northern horizon, sometimes surmounted by, and sometimes resting on, a dark cloud, which was occasionally illuminated by broad flashes.

At Utica, New-Haven, and several other places, this exhibition of the Aurora was attended with loud reports, a sharp, snapping noise like the discharge of an electric battery. These noises—which serve to prove the near approach of the meteor to the earth, and afford a strong presumption that electricity is the cause of it, although quite frequent in the Polar regions, are rarely heard in our latitude. The late venerable Dr. Holyoke, of Salem, Mass., declared that he had heard them more than once, and that they resembled the sound of a rocket. And there have been several other well-attested instances in this country during the last century, within which period three Auroras, similar to that of August, 1827, were observed in New England. One appeared in 1754, another in 1769, the third in 1781. The light of the former, which has been fully described by Dr. Holyoke, obscured that of the moon three days after the full, and its appearances far surpassed in splendor and variety those of 1827. He describes the light as resting upon a dark cloud, a common feature of the phenomenon, which will assist us in determining the constitution of the meteor.

Although we have mentioned only three Auroras of a similar appearance to that of August, 1827, yet there have been several other remarkable exhibitions of this meteor in this country, in which the arch was the most prominent feature. Two were seen in the month of September immediately following, one of which has been described by Dr. Hayes of Canandaigua, as consisting of a series of columns, forming a part of an arch, having first appeared as a light cloud hanging in the clear sky. The other, a very extraordinary one, was observed in the state of Maine, by Professor Cleveland, of Brunswick, and was remarkable for its position in the Southern quarter in the heavens, extending from S. E. to N. W. about thirty-five degrees above the horizon. The month of September of that year, as it is generally in the Northern regions, was remarkable for the frequent displays of the Aurora, both in this country and in Europe. On the 25th, the same day on which the arch was seen in the South by Professor Cleveland, the Aurora exhibited itself in Paris, being the first that had appeared for twenty years, and according to the testimony of M. Arago, a distinguished natural philosopher, announced itself by a very perceptible disturbance of the Magnetic Needle. During the continuance of the phenomenon, this disturbance "became enormous!" These facts, showing the magnetic influence of the Aurora, should be borne in mind, as we shall have occasion to advert to them, in pursuing what we consider the most unexceptionable theory that has ever been offered, in explanation of this splendid phenomenon.

In higher Northern latitudes, the Aurora of the 25th of September had an extraordinary appearance. It was observed at the Gosport Observatory, about eighty miles from London, and was remarkable for its sudden changes of color, from a bright yellow to a blood red, through all the intermediate shades; and still more, for its long continuance, it having been visible till past two o'clock in the morning; whereas the ordinary displays of the Aurora are limited in duration to about midnight. This is so uniformly the case, that the fact has been adduced with much confidence, in support of the theory that the phenomenon is occasioned by the refracted light of the sun, after it has descended far below the horizon. The instance just related may be urged as an objection to this theory.

The more frequent and vivid appearance of the Aurora in the regions nearer the Pole, has already been noticed. Travellers on scientific expeditions, and voyagers to the North-west, have given lively descriptions of its most permanent features. M. Biot, the celebrated French mathematician, who spent a considerable time in the Shetland Islands, observed several remarkable Auroras, which he examined with the closest attention, with a view of ascertaining their causes and constitution. In its ordinary features, the Aurora is almost a constant visitor in that latitude during the clear evenings of a certain season of the year; and the inhabitants generally affirmed, that sometimes, when its streamers are very vivid, it is accompanied by the most terrific noises.

[To be Continued.]

A SCOUNDREL OF THE FIRST WATER.—A fellow calling himself Augustus H. J. Smith, went into the village of Augusta, a short time since, in the character of a writing master, where he engaged a school. He then went into another town in the neighborhood, under the pretence of opening another school. In this latter place he was hospitably entertained by the family of Mr. —, and so thoroughly ingratiated himself with Mrs. —, the wife of his entertainer, that, after a good deal of persuasion, the husband consented to his accompanying her to Avon Springs, where she was going for the benefit of her health—he pretending that he was going that way on business. After about a week they returned as far as Leroy, where they stopped three days, and passed as husband and wife. The landlord, having learned who they were, followed them home and informed her friends of the occurrence at his house. The miscreant was immediately held to bail in action of crim. con., which being unable to procure, he was committed and is now in gaol. He has a wife and child near Utica, and is believed to be the same fellow who escaped lately from Boston charged with counterfeiting, and for whose apprehension a large reward was offered. He is six feet high, slender built, dark complexion, and has the appearance of a gentleman. [N. Y. Cour. & Enq.]

TO PREVENT DROWNING.—At this season of the year when so many accidents occur from persons bathing, the following remarks may prevent the loss of life:—Men are drowned by raising their arms above water, the unbuoyed weight of which depresses the head. Animals have neither notion nor ability to act in a similar manner, and therefore swim naturally. When a man falls into deep water he will rise to the surface, and continue there if he does not elevate his hands. If he moves his hand under water in any manner he pleases, his head will rise so high as to allow him liberty to breathe; and if he move his legs as in the act of walking up stairs, his shoulders will rise above the water, so that he may use less exertion with his hands, or apply them to other purposes. Persons not having learned to swim in their youth will find the above plain directions highly advantageous. [Am. D. Adv.]



**THE MIND AND THE HEART.**—It is a false and perilous presumption that the understanding can, for purposes of cultivation, be dissected from the heart. Their union is not mere juxtaposition, but a mutual and essential combination. They pervade each other, and the same system of discipline must act upon both. I here allude to an error which is not imaginary, nor merely theoretical. It is one that has a real and practical existence. Observe the indications of its insidious prevalence in the custom which sends many of our youth to one place for the attainment of knowledge, and to another for instruction in religion; in an extensive disrelish for a scientific theology which diffuses science and religion through each other; in the dislike of many friends of religion for exercises which task the reasoning powers upon religious truth; in the frequent efforts to impress the heart, without the action of the intellect; and in the indifference of multitudes to the moral discipline of their children during their course of education. Correct education takes the moral and intellectual faculties together; each as indispensable to the other's freest operation and highest improvement. The purest and strongest devotion must discern its object through the intellectual eye, and the understanding can reach its highest improvement only under the direction of a devout and holy heart. We hail, then, as Christians, the progress of general education. It expands those minds on which we pour the light of moral truth; enlarges the capacity for light; prepares the mind to receive in its natural radiations from the infinite Orb; and saves from the necessity of collecting the rays into a blazing focus, upon ignorance, which feels only when it burns.

No system of education that excludes the direct and constant agency of religious truth, can effect a complete discipline of the human mind. Let us not overlook the fact, that knowledge alone does not purify the heart. I call it a fact, because the Scriptures ascribe the renovation of the heart to the Spirit of God; because ignorance, though a nurse of depravity, is never reputed the father of it; because men of the most extensive intelligence are often regardless of true religion. The most profound learning of the world has, at times, been arrayed against Christianity. Deprive science of all allusions to God, and to the fallen condition of man, and what power can it exert over a mind in a state of natural degeneracy and alienation from God. From such means, to expect a moral reformation, were to look for an effect without a cause.

**GENIUSES.**—A singular coincidence in literary history came under our notice a few days since, in looking over the biographies of three remarkable men of the last century. The incident is trifling in itself, but may be used with effect in that controversy which has been so long waged, in mental philosophy, upon the nature of genius—whether it be a peculiar gift, capable of being exercised only in a peculiar manner, or simply the application of great powers, accidentally determined to a particular pursuit. The philosophy we leave to others—the incident struck us as curious.

It is told alike of Ferguson, the extraordinary mathematician, of Dr. Alexander Murray, the wonderful oriental linguist, and of Burns, the poet, that a "grammar of Geography" was, if not the very first book that each studied, the first that kindled their passions for intellectual pursuits, and in each the passion took a different direction. Ferguson, from a copy of Gordon's Geographical Grammar, conceived the idea of making an artificial globe, and though he never had seen one, pondered over the subject until he made one complete. The taste of Murray for foreign languages was first developed, as he tells us himself, by studying the specimens of the Lord's prayer in the different languages, found in "Salmon's Grammar of Geography." Though his whole attendance at school, during his life, did not amount to a year and a half, he died at 38, the most accomplished scholar in the living and the dead languages, of any in Europe. The brother of Burns mentions this same book, "Salmon's Grammar of Geography," among the earliest readings of the poet, whose fancy seized upon its mythology and the poetry of its classifications. Here are three men, all considered men of the highest genius, in their respective departments of knowledge, each of whom traces the direction of his taste into that channel, in part at least, to the same book, or one on precisely the same subject. [Balt. American.]

**THE FAIRY'S FUNERAL.**—Reading, the other day, Macnisch's very interesting volume on the "Philosophy of Sleep," I was much struck with his brief but very characteristic account of the painter Blake. He was remarkable for his "habit of conversing with angels, demons and heroes, and taking their likenesses." His mind, indeed, seems to have lived in a world peculiarly of its own creation.

"Did you ever see a fairy's funeral, madam?" he once said to a lady who happened to sit by him in company. "Never, sir," was the answer. "I have," said Blake, "but not before last night. I was walking alone in my garden; there was great stillness among the branches and flowers, and more than common sweetness in the air; I heard a low sad pleasant sound, and knew not whence it came. At last I saw the broad leaf of a flower move, and underneath I saw a procession of creatures of the size and color of green and gray grass-hoppers, bearing a body laid out on a

rose-leaf, which they buried with songs, and then disappeared. It was a *fairy funeral*. [N. Y. Mirror.]

**TIME ENOUGH TO READ.**—Some of you will say you have no time for any thing of your own; that your whole time is at the will of your master or employer. But this is not so. There are few persons who are so entirely devoted to others as not to have minutes, if not hours, every day, which they can call their own. Now here it is that character is tried and proved. He alone who is wise in small matters, will be wise in large ones. Whether your unoccupied moments, in a day, be half an hour, or an hour, or two hours, have something to do in each of them. If it be social conversation, the moment your hour arrives, engage in that. The very fact that you have a few moments at your command, will create an interest in your employment during that time. Perhaps no persons read to better purpose than those who have but very little leisure. Some of the very best minds have been formed in this manner. To repeat their names would be to mention a host of self-educated men, in this and other countries. To show what can be done, I will mention one fact, which fell under my own observation. A young man, about fifteen years of age, read Rollin's Ancient History through in about three months, or a fourth of a year, and few persons were ever more closely confined to a laborious employment than he. Now, to read four such works as Rollin in a year, is by no means a matter to be despised. [Young Man's Guide.]

**VIRTUE AND VICE.**—Virtue owes her origin to the knowledge and love of order: whereas vice is the offspring of darkness and confusion. Sensuality, envy, anger and ambition, being the thickest veils that can hang before the eye of man, it, of course, becomes dim as soon as these prevail; and when occasionally they appear to afford some glimmerings of light, they are the most dangerous for being sometimes mistaken for light itself. Hence it is, that so many continue without scruple in the commission of crying enormities; that their consciences become strangers to remorse, and gradually sink into a deadly lethargy.

**THE YOUNG WIFE.**—The young wife should remember that she has chosen her own lot in life, she has connected it with her husband, and if by decree of an all-wise Providence he becomes embarrassed, it is her duty to aid him by her kindness—not to mutter or oppress him by her ill temper. Upon the male sex, the task of providing the means of subsistence is, in civilized society, almost exclusively imposed; and consequently, when they become distressed, and have not wherewithal to provide for their partners, they suffer doubly. They have not only their own privations to regret, but yours also; and the world's frown, and the world's—often-times unjust—censure, falls exclusively upon the husband. The wife can hide herself from the world, but the husband must face its pride, its prosperity. May all young wives be permanently prosperous; but for their own sakes, and for the honor of womanhood, we admonish them not to let adversity, should it unfortunately lay its iron hand upon them, induce them to depart from that affectionate conduct, in word or deed, which they owe to their husbands, and conduct themselves in such a manner as to do away with the truth of the old proverb—"When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window."

**Reflections on Astronomy.**—No subject of a scientific nature admits of more interesting research, or is better adapted to inspire us with sublime conceptions of the Deity, and devotional feelings toward him, than Astronomy. Whether it be considered merely in a philosophical view, as communicating a knowledge of the laws by which the connection between the sun and the planetary system is sustained; or whether the subject be pursued in relation to the magnitude, relative distances, and peculiar offices of those bodies; in either of these respects, it is of absorbing interest, adapted to elevate the thoughts of the contemplative mind, and, by shutting out the grovelling intrusions of this nether world, to bring it, as it were, into close familiarity with the Deity. In comparison of the whole system of worlds, together with their aggregate population, what is this earth, and what are we? In this view, our planet may be compared to an almost imperceptible atom of the whole universe of matter; and our relative importance in the scale of being, though having its due consideration in the mind of the Deity, appears to the astronomer as something of little value. There is no doubt, there can be none, that the whole planetary system is inhabited with intelligent beings with constitutions and capacities fitted to their respective conditions. If the incredulous demand our reasons for supposing this, without ranging through the whole field of analogy, it is sufficient to state the following: by the assistance of glasses, it is ascertained that some of the planets, besides our own, are surrounded with atmospheres; and wherefore an atmosphere, unless for the purposes of respiration and vital existence? Could we take a flight to the most distant star, reasoning by the contracted scale of human knowledge, we might hence infer that beyond this, would be witnessed no displays of creative wisdom. But such a conclusion would be erroneous, inasmuch as it is presumption in us to fix bounds to the universe, when we can comprehend only so small a part of it. It is far more philosophical, rational, and consistent with our own experience, to admit deductions furnished by analogy, than to depend on unassisted theory. But for availing himself of analogy according to the indications of reason, Sir Isaac Newton would never have formed his system of astronomy, and consequently, his "Principia" would never have enlightened the world by a knowledge

of it. Therefore to reject the evidence of analogy, is almost tantamount to placing no faith in ocular demonstration. And admitting analogical evidence with respect to astronomy, as we do in relation to other things, what sublime conceptions does it enable us to form of the Deity! Swaying his sceptre over the universe, and pouring forth his goodness in boundless profusion, he controls the destinies of thousands of worlds, and makes secondary causes, the agents of his infinite wisdom. Far, inconceivably far beyond the farthest stellar orb to which our vision, or the best of our glasses, can reach, other systems roll, other suns rise, and other stars shine. And when it is considered that intelligent beings people all worlds, and that all depend on one common Source for life and its blessings, how far beyond our highest conceptions of goodness, is the beneficence of the Deity! And why does not one system clash with another? We know of no skill in man so to construct any kind of machinery as to prevent disorder in some part by the occurrence of unforeseen disasters: neither have we the prescience to foresee them. But with respect to the universe, nothing has ever yet transpired to interfere with the laws which, under the control of the Deity, govern it. The least interruption in the operation of any one of those laws, would affect the whole system of being. Has any interruption ever been known? Never. All worlds now revolve as from the beginning they always revolved. The suns that enlighten them now shine as they always shone. Nature now performs her operations as she always performed them. Infinite the wisdom, unlimited the power, boundless the goodness of the Deity! [Sat. Eve. Vis.]

**LADIES' LYCEUMS.**—The real elevation of the female character has in all ages of the world been in almost exact proportion to the elevation and prevalence of pure religion. The barbarity of savage nations, which reduces woman to a drudge and almost to a beast of burthen, and the mistaken and sickly refinement of many enlightened communities opposed to the spirit of the gospel, which permits her to rise no higher than the character of a toy, are equally revolting to christianity and to reason. It is only when she brings her intellectual and moral powers into vigorous exercise, and by the use of these powers exerts a controlling influence in favor of knowledge, benevolence and religion, that woman acts in consonance with the elements of her nature, or in consistency with the dignity of her character or the designs of her being.

Although much remains, both of gross barbarity and of sickly refinement in the treatment of females, and respecting the place which custom gives them in society, there is much reason to believe, that in no age of the world has the true dignity of women been better understood, or her influence more happily exerted or duly appreciated than at the present day: The promotion of knowledge and of christian benevolence is now assigned to woman as her appropriate, though not exclusive work. She is always permitted to participate, and frequently to lead the way in this cause which is by far the most appropriate, and the most elevated for every individual in the intellectual and moral creation of God.

Perhaps no class of institutions has more fully availed themselves of the efforts on the influence of ladies, than Lyceums. The social character of these institutions is their most prominent feature. From first to last, their exercises are designed to be such as throw their influence into the numerous social relations in life—as to find their way to the fire-side, the table and the family circle. No circumstance has probably done more to introduce the spirit, if not the form of Lyceum associations into domestic relations, than the attendance and participation of ladies. Whenever the mother and sisters accompany the father and brothers of a family to any fountain of knowledge, each enjoys the repast more richly from the consciousness that others are participating, and all return to their own dear firesides, the more entertained and the more entertaining, from the fact, that each is able to participate, both in the giving and receiving of fruits which all had united in collecting.

In various ways do ladies now participate in the enjoyments of these intellectual resorts. They not only attend the public meetings for lectures, discussion, and various other exercises, but in "SOCIAL LYCEUMS," or small circles of ladies and gentlemen, they frequently take a part in the reading of original communications, selections from periodicals, standard treatises, &c. and in the conversation, which naturally arises, upon the subjects introduced.

Besides the enjoyments and exercises of Lyceums—which both sexes and all classes participate in, ladies frequently having a separate organization by which they effect their own objects in their own way. They meet one afternoon in a week, for the purpose of reading works of history, female biography, and extracts from periodicals, treatises on the sciences and other subjects of useful knowledge. At the same meetings they engage in some works of benevolence, such as using their needles for the benefit of the poor, instructing misses in the use of their minds and their hands, and the promotion of other objects of knowledge and christian kindness.

Ladies' Lyceums, in connection with more general societies, have now become common in many parts of the country. In Georgia and the Carolinas are many institutions of this kind, which are as creditable to their members, as they are useful to science and religion.

The uniform success which has attended the efforts of ladies under these arrangements for the diffusion of knowledge, and the promotion of benevolence and piety, must ensure similar efforts and like success, in all sections and every community of our growing and far spreading Republic. [Baltimore Vis.]

**CANOVA AND THE SOLDIER.**—There was in Rome a young soldier of the Pope's guard, about twenty years of age, who entertained an ardent passion for painting and drawing. The walls of the Monte Cavallo and the Vatican, were covered with figures and groupes drawn in chalk. These sketches displayed extraordinary talent, and the costumes were singularly correct. One day Canova happened to pass by while the young soldier was occupied in sketching on one of the walls. Struck with surprise and admiration, the Roman Phidias stopped and ques-



tioned him. Canova was fond of encouraging and patronizing talent, whenever he discovered it. The soldier said he had so strong a taste for drawing and painting, that he could not refrain at his leisure moment, from amusing himself by chalking on the walls, designs, which he modestly observed he knew to be very faulty.

"How I should like to be taught," he exclaimed with transport, "but I am too poor to pay any one for giving me lessons!"

"Well," said Canova, "come to me, and I will teach you for nothing . . . I will even settle upon you a pension of fifteen piasters per month, to enable you to quit the regiment . . . I am Canova the sculptor."

The young man thought he had awakened from a dream. He stood in the presence of the great man, whose generosity overwhelmed him even more than his brilliant reputation. All he could do was to fall on his knees, and return thanks, as the Italian thanks God or his patron saint. Next day the young enthusiast was received among the pupils of Canova. But Canova had looked only at the brilliant side of the adventure. A month had not elapsed before the young soldier became pale and thin. He sighed at the recollection of the time when he could wander alone by moonlight, and trace on the base of the obelisk *di Trinità di Monti*, the profile of some pretty Roman girl. He was then unfettered by academic rules, and his pencil was never checked by the words: "rub that out . . . It is bad." He wished to learn, but *canui* become more powerful than all the arguments either of himself or his master. One morning he entered Canova's study, kissed his hand and thanked him fervently for all the kindness he had shown to him, but candidly avowed that he could not submit to the restraint to which the other pupils were subjected. He said he was like a plant whose stem was too old to bend, on which the art of the cultivator could produce no improvement, and must therefore be left to its wild and natural growth. He returned to his regiment, and resumed his untaught sketches amidst the ruins of the eternal city.

**HAPPY ILLUSTRATION.**—I remember on my return to France, in a vessel which had been on a voyage to India, as soon as the sailors perfectly distinguished the land of their native country, they became in a great measure incapable of attending to the duties of the ship. Some looked at it wishfully without the power of minding any thing else; others dressed themselves in their best clothes, as if they were going that moment to disembark;—some talked to themselves, and others wept.

As we approached, the disorder of their minds increased. As they had been absent several years, there was no end to their admiration of the hills, the foliage of the trees, and even the rocks which skirted the shore, covered with weeds and mosses. The church spires of the villages where they were born, which they distinguished at a distance up the country, and which they named one after another, filled them with transports of delight.

But when the vessel entered the port, and when they saw on the quays, their fathers, their mothers, their wives, their children, and their friends, stretching out their arms with tears of joy, and calling their names, it was no longer possible to retain a man on board; they all sprung on shore, and it became necessary, according to the custom of the port, to employ another set of mariners to bring the vessel to her mooring.

What then would be the case, were we indulged with a sensible display of that heavenly country, inhabited by those who are dearest to us, and who are worthy of our most sublime affections? The laborious and vain cares of this life would from that moment come to an end. Its duties would be forsaken, and all our powers and feelings would be lost in perpetual rapture. It is wisdom, therefore, that a veil is spread over the glories of futurity. Let us enjoy the hope that the happy land awaits us, and in the meantime fulfil with cheerfulness and patience what belongs to our present condition. [St. Pierre.]

**STUDY INDISPENSABLE TO GREATNESS.**—It is a fact well worthy the attention of young men, who have the misfortune to consider themselves as *great geniuses*, that nearly all the master spirits of the British parliament have been distinguished as scholars, before they became eminent as statesmen. If Sheridan is urged as an exception, let it be remarked that only one Sheridan has ever been heard on the floor of St. Stephen's; and that the splendid and terrible assailant of Warren Hastings, sunk at last into a mere writer of comedies, and manager of a play house. Chatham, and Pitt, and Fox, and Canning, and Brougham, with many others, whose names shine with a lustre only a little inferior to those above mentioned, were distinguished for their classical attainment. They laid the foundation of their future greatness in the cloisters of the university. Since the world began, genius has accomplished nothing without industry; and no error can be more fatal to the young aspirant after distinction and usefulness, than that indolent self-complacency which rests on the supposed possession of exalted genius.

**FIDELITY.**—Desert not your friend in danger or distress. Too many there are in the world whose attachment to those they call friends, is confined to the day of their prosperity. As long as that continues they are, or appear to be, affectionate and cordial. But as their friend is under a cloud, they begin to withdraw, and separate their interest from his. In friendship of this sort, the heart, assuredly, has never had much concern. For the great test of true friendship, is constancy in the hour of danger—adherence in the season of distress. When your friend is calumniated, then is the time openly and boldly to espouse his cause. When his situation is changed, or misfortunes are fast gathering around him, then is the time of affording prompt and zealous aid. When sickness or infirmity occasions him to be neglected by others, that is the opportunity which every real friend will seize of redoubling all the affectionate attention which love suggests. These are the important duties, the sacred claims of friendship, which religion and virtue enforce on every worthy mind. To show yourselves warm in this manner in the cause of your friend, commands esteem even in those who have personal interests in opposing him. This honorable zeal of friendship has, in every age, attracted the veneration of mankind. It has consecrated to the latest posterity, the names of

those who have given up their fortune, and have exposed their lives, in behalf of the friends whom they loved; while ignominy and disgrace have ever been the portion of them who deserted their friends in the hour of distress. [Blair.]

After the capture of Gaudaloupe by the late Admiral Sir A. Cochrane and General Sir George Beckwith, as some of the Admiral's boat crew were sauntering up the Grande Rue of Basseterre, in quest of a grog shop, their attention was fixed by a sign board, on which had been newly painted in large letters, "Bains, chauds et froids," (hot and cold baths.) The best scholar amongst them was chosen interpreter, and the remainder were exploring the premises: he called out "Shipmates, the sooner we hauls our wind, the better—it's all true what they say of these Frenchmen—they beats what I ever heard for dirty lubbers." On his comrades inquiring the mishap, "Why can't you see it's where they eats 'Beans chewed and fried!'" At this the whole party made for the barge, as if the Admiral himself had hove in sight. [Naval and Military Gaz.]

**THE INDIAN AND THE STURGEON.**—In the summer time it is no unusual thing for sturgeons to sleep on the surface of the water, and one of them having wandered up into a creek was floating about in that drowsy condition.—The Indian waded up to his neck in the creek, a little below where he discovered the fish, expecting the stream would soon bring his game down to him. He judged the matter right and as soon as the fish came close to him he whipped a running nose over his jaw. This waked the sturgeon who, being strong in his own element, darted immediately under water and dragged the Indian after him. The Indian made it a point of honor to keep his hold, which he did to the danger of being drowned. Sometimes they dived for a quarter of a minute, and then rose at some distance from the spot. At this rate they continued floundering about, sometimes under water, for a considerable time, till at last the hero suffocated his adversary, and hauled his body ashore in triumph. [Sporting Magazine.]

**POWER OF STEAM.**—It is on the rivers, and the boatman may repose on his oars; it is in highways, and begins to exert itself along the courses of land-conveyance; it is at the bottom of mines, a thousand feet below the earth's surface; it is in the mill, and in the workshops of the trades. It rows, it pumps, it excavates it carries, it draws, it lifts, it hammers, it spins, it weaves, it prints. [Websters Lectures.]

**TRUE LOVE.**—True love will never allow a parent or a master to indulge under his care in bad dispositions, or wrong conduct. A good parent cannot allow his child to feed on poison; bad temper is poison—wrong conduct is poison.

**BOTTLED OYSTERS.**—We saw a day or two since the neck of a common pint rum-bottle found in an oyster-bed in our harbor, and in which a number of erratic oysters had taken up their lodgings. They had, most undoubtedly, introduced themselves when quite young, and had so snugly invested themselves to the inner surface, and become so firmly attached to their unnatural abode, that it was impossible to extricate them without actually breaking the bottle. In this predicament they died. They must have lived there a long time. The condition of these stupid oysters fitly illustrates the history of the tippler. He is introduced to the bottle in early life, and sucks away at its contents year after year—and becomes more and more cemented to it; it is at last the permanent abode of his unnatural appetite; in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the ough hand of death alone can dissolve the connexion, and he dies as stupid as the oyster. [Port Jour.]

Original.

#### COMMON SENSE.

Common sense is the most useful faculty of the mind, and yet its usefulness is the most frequently undervalued. By the phrase "common sense" I do not mean an ordinary capacity, but that peculiar power of the mind which all possess in some degree, yet in which some greatly exceed others. Common sense is not properly a single faculty, but a just degree and proper arrangement of those faculties which are enjoyed by the greater part of mankind. It is not wit, it is not power of imagination, it is not talent of any specific kind, yet it is some degree of all united. It is, in short, the faculty of seeing things as they are, and of drawing the right conclusions from every thing it sees.

In this view common sense is a very exalted faculty. It guides us towards the most proper objects in all the pursuits of life. By a kind of instinctive influence it impresses the mind, at first view, with a correct and rational idea of the subject of its consideration. Hence it is the surest guide to truth and the safest rule of conduct. The man who possesses it, even though limited in knowledge, will make the best use of what he has. From the greater use which he makes of it, and the more correct views which he has of its import, his small stock of knowledge is frequently of more advantage to him than the most extensive learning is to others. He makes complete application of all the information he possesses, and consequently he is rarely destitute of a sufficient supply. This man may be ignorant, but he is seldom in error. His mental eye may not see far, but it always sees clearly.

The operations of common sense are always plain, easy, and natural. Its conclusions are never far fetched; its operations are never mysterious; yet the former are always

original, and the latter often surprising. It works unobserved, yet its effects often attract the notice of the world. It is seldom seen, but always felt.

Never elaborately versed in minute details, it has always correct views of fundamental principles. It always seizes hold of the sense of a thing, neglecting the accidental circumstances of its situation. What learning forgets and profundity overlooks, common sense always clearly discerns.

A large proportion of common sense almost always enters into the characters of unbought great men. From what has been before said, it will be at once perceived that a high degree of it is the very foundation of greatness. For it is able to discern, at a glance, the true nature of things. Always taking thorough views of essential characteristics, it comprehends the true spirit of things, with intuitive certainty. Hence its first judgments upon things, concerning which it has had no knowledge, frequently far surpass that of those possessing the advantage of long experience. While such are taking profound views of recondite principles and minute circumstances, the man who is largely endowed with this faculty, though he may have no professional acquaintance with the subject, bases his calculations upon the most important principles connected with the case. Hence it is that the world have so often witnessed the example of untaught men, at their first entrance, upon trying affairs surpassing those who had made such affair the study of a life. We cannot be too sensible of the folly and injustice of those, who from an acquaintance with the technicalities of a profession, look down with contempt upon those who attempt to attain excellence through the medium of natural sense and talent. The arrogant pretenders to superiority, founded on superior opportunities, when brought to the test, are frequently seen to quail before those whom they had so shortly before despised.

Notwithstanding all the prejudices prevailing upon the subject, common sense is the foundation of all that is great in human intellect. It is this which imparts usefulness to all other talents. An opinion is prevalent that mankind in general, all requisite ability of this kind. But in reality the different degrees of greatness to which men attain, are more owing to the different degrees in which they possess this faculty, than to any other cause. As far as the most accurate information extends, all the great geniuses who have been distinguished for peculiar good fortune, in directing the affairs of mankind possessed it in an extraordinary degree. And the eccentricities and facilities to which superior genius is so painfully subject, arise almost wholly from a deficiency in this faculty.

If we look to the art of eloquence, we shall find that superiority in the quality of common sense is a principal source of excellence. What but this, rendered the orations of Demosthenes, the most powerful that were ever uttered? It is not to strangeness of illustration, novelty of subject, or superior polish or style, that their effects are to be traced. And what but common sense is it which renders the simple language of the savage more impressive than the most labored productions of polished society?

Bulwer has justly observed, that the superiority of Scott, as a poet, is chiefly owing to the fact, that his own works are thoroughly imbued with common sense. It was this which enabled Epaminondas at the first commencement of his military career, to conduct himself with that unequalled skill which rendered the battle of Leutra, the model of great commanders in all succeeding ages. It was this which united to a daring disposition enabled Bonaparte, at the age of twenty-five, to triumph over the most experienced generals in Europe. This too it was which rendered our own Washington, without any education, in either arms or policy, the most illustrious hero and statesman of modern times. The superiority of modern science over the scholastic philosophy of the ancients is chiefly attributable to the common sense mode of investigation which was brought into vogue by Sir Francis Bacon.

As common sense is the most useful of all the mental powers, it cannot but be observed that its cultivation is too generally neglected. To what other cause can we ascribe the fact, that in all the professions we so often meet with those of extensive acquirements who are yet sadly deficient in correct views of the fundamental principles of their own calling, and almost entirely incapable of understanding any thing out of the beaten track of their studies? The chief aim of education should be to develop this faculty to its fullest extent, for it is this, more than all others, which forms a vigorous and enlightened mind. Yet in many of our systems of education, the memory is almost the only faculty which is called into requisition. The exercise of common sense is not only neglected by some, but is secretly discouraged by others. It is the most efficient of all exposures of imposition and absurdity. Hence those who endeavor to introduce quackery, whether in the department of medicine, politics or religion, are very active and dexterous in cajoling people out of the use of their common sense. But, notwithstanding the neglect of some, and the opposition of others, common sense is rapidly extending its dominion, while prejudice, bigotry and superstition are vanishing before its genial influence. J.



## GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

**INTERESTING FACT.**—A few years ago, a very worthy laboring man, in this town, who had been so unfortunate as to acquire a habit of drinking spirits, becoming convinced of its ruinous tendency, had strength of mind sufficient to form an effectual resolution of future abstinence. At that time he had a wooden box made with a hole in the lid, and labelled "Rum," into which he every day dropped as much money as he had been in the habit of spending for liquor. The box was not opened till very recently, when on counting the sum, it was found to amount to no less than one hundred and eighty dollars, with a part of which he purchased a good house lot, and the remainder will go towards putting a neat and comfortable house upon it. Such examples are above all praise. [Salem Gazette.]

**MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.**—Elections for members of the next Congress, will be held this year in the following states: Missouri, in August, two representatives; Georgia, in October, nine representatives; Ohio, in October, nineteen representatives; New York, in November, forty representatives; New Jersey, in November, six representatives; Louisiana, three, already chosen. The other States elect in 1835. [N. Y. Daily Adv.]

**SINGULAR.**—A lad, about fourteen years of age, while passing on the road to Somerset, which leads from the river to Swansey village, late on Thursday evening, of last week, was met by a chaise with two men in it, the boot and top buttoned up close, and travelling very moderately. Just as he was passing the chaise, one end of a small cord with a slip noose was thrown from the chaise and glancing his head, fell at his feet. He immediately started upon a full speed. One of the men sprang from the chaise and pursued him some distance, until he approached near a house, when the pursuer returned to his comrade. Who the men were, or what was their object, is not known. Two physicians, strangers, were seen in the neighborhood, just at night on whom suspicion has rested. [Fall River Monitor.]

**REVOLUTIONARY RELICS.**—We were last week shown about 200 canister shot and bullets, a broken bayonet and silver shoe-buckle, which were ploughed up during the present season, on the Saratoga battle ground at Bemis's Heights. Many of the bullets were much battered, and some of them split, occasioned doubtless by their having come in contact with a harder substance after their discharge; the bayonet bore evident marks of having been violently broken off, probably during the conflict; and the buckle unquestionably belonged to an officer—it being the fashion of that day, and weighing above five eighths of an ounce. Several of the bullets, the bayonet and the buckle have been left at the reading rooms for inspection. The annual resort to this consecrated spot having much increased of late years, we are told that preparations are going forward for the erection of a good public house for the convenience of visitants. Such an establishment has been much needed, and we have no doubt will obtain a handsome support. [Saratoga Sentinel.]

**STEAMBOATS ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.**—A letter from Marseilles states, that the number of steamboats which ply from that port, increase rapidly. Two English boats sail regularly for Leghorn—one to Naples, and the passage is usually effected in 48 hours. One boat undertakes to reach Lisbon from Marseilles in four days, stopping at Gibraltar; another is about to start for Constantinople, where it is expected to arrive within a week, although it will stop at three intermediate places.

**EMIGRANTS AT BALTIMORE.**—From the official returns made by the Health Office to the Board of Health, it appears that during the last three months the total number of passengers arrived was 4,482, viz:

	May—Foreigners	Citizens	Total
June,	847	76	932
July,	1618	135	1763
July,	1734	71	1805

In passing the residence of H. R. Seymour, esq. last week, our attention was attracted by the splendid style of iron railing recently erected in front of his dwelling, and it being something new to this city, we could not resist the temptation to stop and examine it. It is 50 feet in length, with two gates, also of cast iron, and the whole is so ingeniously designed and executed as to have the exact appearance of being but one casting. It is from the extensive foundry of our enterprising fellow citizens, Messrs. Skinner & Goodrich, is a truly elegant piece of workmanship and we can not but admire the taste of Mr. Seymour in the selection, and the skill displayed by the artisans in the manufacture. [Buff. Patriot.]

**The Fire on the Bangor.**—We have before us a letter from a gentleman who was a passenger in the Bangor when she took fire, from which we make the following extract:—"At half past 9 o'clock, Gloucester about a mile and a half ahead, smoke was discovered issuing from the upper deck, near the chimney pipe, when 'fire' was cried, and all hands to the buckets. The boat was full of smoke under deck. At last it burst out in a blaze, near the engine house. On cutting away a new partition that had just been put up, it was found to be on fire and burnt to a cinder in many places, owing to its being too near the chimneys, and a piece of plank had slipped down against the chimney, which caught fire and communicated it to the chimney room, between decks. As soon as the hose and forcing pump could be got to work the fire was extinguished, although the smoke was very dense from the wheel house to the after part of the boat. The officers and men, together with the passengers, had to work quick, but all was done in good order—being day, we had the enemy in full view, which enabled us soon to subdue him. The ladies were very active in mowing two large whale boats, hanging over our quarters, and the gentlemen with ballasting them with portmanteaus, bags, &c. We had five or six large whale boats on deck, which would have taken all on board, had the fire got ahead before the boat could have been run on shore. The damage is trifling, but it will take some time before all is well regulated again. She is by far the best boat for strength and goodness of engine, I think I ever was on board of." [Boston Transcript.]

**Serious Accident.**—On Wednesday morning, about 3 o'clock, Capt. Mesker, master of a private, who had anchored on the North River, found his vessel dragging anchor, and in endeavoring to prevent it was driven foul of a schooner. Putting his arm round the mast to support himself, the bowsprit of the schooner struck and frightfully fractured his left arm below the elbow, and then passed off. Capt. Mesker, then, with the aid of a boy, got the anchor raised, and laid the vessel alongside the dock. He then proceeded to a public house in Vesey street, near Washington market, where surgical aid was procured, and his arm amputated below the elbow. [N. Y. Daily Adv.]

**Atrocious.**—A horrible act was committed on the 24th ult. at Farmville, Va. All the boarders and travellers at the Eagle Tavern in that town, were poisoned by eating custard, into which arsenic had been put by the cook or some other of the house servants. About forty persons were sick from the effects of the drug—some dangerously, and one had died. [N. Y. Cour. & Enq.]

**Shocking Disaster.**—Mr. Robert H. Johnson was killed on the 1st inst. at Cherry Valley, by the going of a vicious bull. The horn entered his body near the left groin, and passed upwards in an oblique direction. The sufferer lived about four hours. [lb.]

**SUMMARY.**  
Among the acts passed at the last session of the Legislature of New Hampshire was one declaring that no assignment of his property by a debtor for the benefit of his creditors shall be valid, unless it shall provide for the distribution of the property assigned among all his creditors, in proportion to their respective claims; nor unless the assignor shall make oath that his intention was to place in the hands of his assignees all his property of every description, except such as is exempted by law from attachment and execution.

James F. Henry, esq. of New York is elected cashier of the Stamford Bank Conn.

Captain Seymour, late of schooner Crawford, was drowned on the Brassosbar, Texas, about the 1st of July. He was going ashore, when the boat capsized in a heavy sea. The men who were with him, saved themselves by holding on to the boat. The body of Captain Seymour was found floating near the shore about two hours after the accident. He was a native of New York. [New Orleans Cour.]

A tailor in Westchester Virginia, has discovered a plan for making coats without the usual seam in the back, which will fit equally well if not better than those having the regular seams.

A Plymouth, Mass. paper states that one day last week, upwards of two hundred sails of vessels were counted in the bay, briskly engaged in catching mackerel. [lb.]

Some small idea may be formed of the present travel on the Hudson, by the following, from the Albany Evening Journal of Wednesday:—  
[The Steamboat Erie, Capt. Benson, left New York yesterday morning with more than one hundred passengers.]

The Mobile Register of the 24th ult. says that city was never more perfectly healthy, even in mid winter, than at that time. There had been but one case of severe illness in ten days, and the individual was nearly recovered from that.

The Norfolk Bank at Roxbury, has been broken open and robbed of \$24,400.

The Rev. John H. Fielding, has withdrawn from the Presidency of Augusta College.

The Wesleyan University will celebrate its commencement on the fourth Wednesday of the present month.

A new machine for spreading hay has been invented by Capt. Genter of Hudson; with the aid of one or two horses it can do the labor of ten men or boys more effectually, and in less time.

A distressing accident occurred on Saturday last, in Philadelphia, in the person, of a fine promising lad, named George Hogatoz, aged seven years. He was in a cart driven by a brother a few years older than himself, and on turning the corner of Arch and Second street, the wheel struck the curb stone, threw him out and killed him instantly. [N. Y. Cour. & Enq.]

An accident occurred at the New Mines at Nesquehoning, near Mauch Chunk, on Saturday last, by which two men lost their lives. Four men were at work in a tunnel when an avalanche of slate fell in and instantly killed two of the number, and caught a third by the legs. The fourth escaped and gave the alarm, when the bodies were immediately extricated.

Two black rattlesnakes were killed lately by some cradlers in a field of wheat at Wyoming, in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Parker, a balloonist, made an ascent to the clouds from Baltimore on Wednesday, in company with a young lady of twelve years—who when she had ascended several hundred yards, arose from her seat and gracefully waved a small flag while she stood up in full view of the audience, gave manifest and gratifying proof that she was quite collected and free from apprehension. They tried Durant's experiment, (who by the way is going up at Lowell, in company with the prettiest factory girl in the place,) and made a dip, not quite a duck, into the water. [N. Y. Commercial.]

The fathers of the city are improving upon the names of their offspring.—Scarcely a week passes but an unfortunate child born without parents, is baptized at the Almshouse, by some queer cognomen. The last we have heard, was that of a little female democrat, tied up in a green bag, and left at the door of a gentleman. The baby was therefore very appropriately christened by the name of *Betsy Green*. [lb.]

A woman and her wife in Anthony street, were lately burned to death by the ignition of spirit gas. Since then, John Litchcock esq. has lost a daughter, aged 13 years, from the same cause. This gas is too dangerous a material to be used in families.

Admiral Coffin has recently added one hundred pounds sterling per annum to the already liberal endowment of the schools established by him at Nantucket—to be distributed each year to the ten best and most deserving pupils of each school—five males and five females, in equal sums. [lb.]

We learn that a despatch has been received by the British Consul from His Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies, addressed to Lord Aylmer, which the Consul immediately forwarded by a special messenger to Quebec. [lb.]

The New Jersey Rail Road is completed, and the rails laid from the Paterson Depot to Harnimus, and also from the Paterson Depot nearly to Newark. This road will be put in operation from Jersey City to Newark in three or four weeks at farthest.

The Directors of the Hudson River Steam-boat Company have reduced the fare between New York and Albany, in all their boats, to 5¢.

A letter from York, (England) dated 20th June, says—"Bishop England is at Rome." He will be made a cardinal, at present. They have just made three—but Dr. England's services are too much wanted in the Church just now.

The Florence Gazette of the 14th instant, publishes the text of a treaty of friendship and commerce, concluded between the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Sultan, the ratifications of which were exchanged in February last, at Constantinople. The object of the treaty, which is composed of twenty-one articles, is to renew former conventions between the two countries, to regulate commercial relations between the respective subjects, and to ensure to Tuscan vessels entrance into the passage of the Dardanelles, and the free navigation of the Bosphorus and the Black Sea.

The corner stone of a new and large Methodist Church at Newburgh, was laid on Thursday last.

A man named John Vanhora was killed by lightning on board the Charlotte, near Toronto, (U. C.) on Wednesday.

Two hundred and fifty vessels were counted in Plymouth Bay on Thursday, all engaged in taking mackerel.

A new emission of half eagles has been made from the Mint at Philadelphia. The die is the same as the newly issued twenty-five cent pieces.

Durant will shortly make another ascension at Boston.

On the 17th instant, a convict having asserted that he could point out where a watch that had been stolen was concealed at the top of the dome of the principal hospital, was sent up with a guard. On arriving, the man pointed at a window, and declared that the watch was placed on the outside of it. He was suffered to open the window, when he instantly threw himself out, fell with his head on the pavement, and died without a struggle. Another convict offered to disclose the means by which the escape of his companions in duance was effected. Having stipulated for his reward, he directed that a certain inhabitant of Brest should be brought to him. On his arrival, he accosted him with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. The worthy citizen denied with indignation having any knowledge of the other, who, however, persisted in their intimacy, named the street and house in which the citizen resided, pointed out the places in which different articles of furniture were placed, and, on his taking out a snuff box, the convict asserted that it had a false bottom. The box was seized and examined, the assertion was found to be true, and the honest citizen of Brest was taken into custody. [Brest paper.]

Of the 54,000 hectares, contained in the superficies of France, 14,500,000 are sown with corn of different kinds, making upon an average, one acre for each inhabitant. The average produce of the whole is 467,291,000 hectolitres; after deducting the grain used for seed, in the distilleries, for the food of domestic animals, and what is lost in being conveyed from one place to another, or destroyed by insects, fermentation, and other accidents, 122 kilograms of alimentary matter, equal to one pound of bread a day, remains for each inhabitant. But, as in this calculation, there are only 62 kilograms of wheat, it results that France does not grow a sufficiency of this grain for all her inhabitants, who are consequently obliged to supply the deficiency with other grain. [Galignani.]

At a recent meeting of the Faculty of the Medical College of South Carolina, Dr. Wm. Ramsay was elected Physician of the Marine Hospital.

It is stated that above ninety miles of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal are finished in daily use. Twenty miles more will be completed in a few weeks.

The French brig Edouard Eulalie, Captain Fribourg, was wrecked at sea, July 16, and several of the crew lost. The captain and the other survivors have arrived at Charleston.

The Montreal Herald of Tuesday gives a favorable report as to the health of that place.

Owing to the competition between the different steam boats on the North River, the fare between New-York and Albany has been reduced to fifty cents.

Seventeen turtles, weighing three thousand three hundred and fifty-two pounds, were sold at auction in New-York last week.

On the 25th and 26th ult. in nineteen vessels arrived at Quebec, there came two thousand one hundred and ninety-four emigrant passengers.

In Baltimore, during the last two weeks, upwards of two thousand emigrants have arrived from the interior of Germany, many of them rich, independent farmers, and of the country possessing those habits of industry and sobriety characteristic of the emigrants who gave them birth. They are all destined to the West.

The ware house of R. Drummond, esq., at Kingston, U. C., has been stricken by lightning and consumed with all its contents.

On Thursday of last week, while the inhabitants of Haverhill were engaged in raising a meeting house for the independent Congregational Society of that village, some of the ropes parted upon which a part of the frame depended and it fell, jeopardizing the lives of about fifty men. Mr. Robert Marsh, a respectable and worthy citizen, aged 64, was killed, and Mr. Marshall badly wounded. Several other persons were more or less injured, but none seriously. [N. Y. Cour. & Enq.]

Forty thousand dollars are being expended for the improvement of the port of Dieppe.

A curious incident, illustrative of the character of birds, occurred last week at Quebec. The barn of Mr. Stewart was stricken by lightning, and was consumed. There at the time two breeding pigeons belonging to the barn, which were outside at the time of the striking. The persons who arrived, alarmed them, and they flew away; but in a short time, and when the flames surrounded the pigeon house, they both came dashing on, full wing, to their nests through the flames, and soon fell victims to their tenacity.

By the schooner Sabina, Capt. Tilyou, from Havana and Sisal, we learn that when she left the latter place, on the 26th June, the governments of Merida and Campeche were at war, and 4000 troops were investing the latter place, under the command of the governor of Merida. [N. Y. Com.]

The Baptist Missionaries compelled to leave Jamaica, have returned to that island, having received \$6000 from the British government.

The Wandering Piper is now attracting great and deserved attention at Quebec. He will remain, however, in that city but a very short time. The donations, says the Mercury, in aid of charitable institutions which have been acknowledged from the Wandering Piper in the various cities and towns in which he has performed, show that he is at least no mercenary Minstrel.

Thomas Clifford, an Irish laborer, employed in removing a barn at Fort Adams, Newport, was killed by the falling of the building. The workmen at the fort immediately subscribed between three and four hundred dollars, for the relief of the distressed family. [lb.]

A shop and dwelling house in St. Paul street, Toronto, belonging to St. George Dupre, Esq., and occupied by Felix Mercere, dry goods merchant, were burnt last week. Mr. Mercere lost about \$400 in cash, besides all his furniture and goods. He was insured for \$6000, which it is supposed will not cover the loss.

Great care is observed in England by the breeders of fine cattle, to preserve the blood untainted and unaltered. They have their regular Herd Books, by means of which they can trace the genealogy of their animals, almost as far back, from sire to sire, as the aristocratic sportsman his stud of racers, or as a sprig of nobility would recount the names and genealogy of the ancestry of which he boasted.

They teach young ideas how to shoot very early in Boston. A committee of military juveniles, bearing the title of the "Boston Young Volunteers," armed with spikes, and a piece of juvenile brass artillery, lately marched to Salem, where they fired off their field piece, marched through the streets, and were taken to see the lions, shown to the great men, treated, and then they retreated safely back upon Boston. Master Herbert, their Captain, and a Committee from these children of Mars, have published a card, as is customary in such cases, wherein they duly return thanks to the various bodies from whom they received civilities during their eventful campaign. [N. Y. Cour. & Enq.]

The annual commencement of the University of Pennsylvania took place on Thursday last, when the degree of A. B. was conferred on 14 young gentlemen, and that of A. M. on 29 alumni of the institution, and the honorary degree on two others. The degree of M. D. was at the same time conferred on nine gentlemen. [lb.]

The Tennessee Convention which has been for some time in session, has not yet closed its labors. Among other Constitutional revisions, which have engaged its attention, we notice one touching the subject of duels. On the 24th ult. the Convention adopted, in committee of the whole, a proposition to deprive of the privileges of citizenship any person or persons who shall fight a duel, or bear a challenge, or aid or abet in fighting a duel. [lb.]

Mossie, the improvisatore, is at the Springs, where he intends to favor the assembled fashionable with his imitable imitations of our distinguished orators, and enable the residents of the North, South, East and West, to judge of the similarity and truth of his personifications. [N. Y. Dal. Adv.]

The Quebec Mercury of Tuesday last states that the health of the town is gradually improving, but its actual condition is not announced. A number of parishes around Quebec had been very unhealthy the present season.

The Baltimore Board of Health reported ninety-seven deaths in that city during the week ending on the 25th ult. Twelve of this number were occasioned by heat and drinking cold water. [N. Y. Cour. & Enq.]

The new steam boat Bangor, on a recent trip from Boston to Bangor, caught fire off Cape Ann, which caused a good deal of alarm and confusion among the passengers; but the fire was extinguished without serious injury. [lb.]

The British schooner Union Jack, while off Mount Desert, Me., on the 25th ult. picked up a hogshead containing the body of a man; but being too offensive, the captain was obliged to let it go without particular examination. [lb.]

It appears by the report of the Board of Health of Washington, Pa., that six cases of cholera had occurred in that town, on the week previous to the 25th ult. The Board, however, published another report on the 25th, in which they say no other case had occurred. [lb.]

There were, during the Sulamander days, five deaths by cold water, and one by a stroke of the sun, at Detroit—the latter was an Englishman, waiting the arrival of his wife and five children, who came in town only to see him consigned to the grave.

Twelve cases of cholera had been reported by the Board of Health of Cincinnati, during the week ending the 25th of July. There had been 63 deaths in the week ending the 23d—23 of which were of cholera.

Morrison, who was recently entrusted with \$3,000 by the cashier of the Newbury, (Vermont) Bank, to pay in Boston, and who accordingly did not, has been arrested in Eastport, and \$3000 recovered.

It has been remarked that no Grandece of Spain has attached himself to the fortunes of Don Carlos, or followed him into exile.

A lump of silver was obtained last week in the silver mines of Koningsburg, which is perhaps the largest ever seen. It weighed 7 1-2 cwt., and is estimated at \$13,000 in specie.

About thirty years ago, in consequence of various restrictions and impediments, the value brought to the Boston spring fair used to be less than 1,000,000 dollars. It now exceeds 4,000,000. These restrictions were imposed for the alleged protection and encouragement of the home manufacturers, which, however, continued to languish, in spite of all that was done in that way to favor them. But now, when the export of wool is free, they are flourishing, and the annual amount of the Prussian woolen manufacturers is estimated at 35,000,000.

The installation of the Rev. Amzi J. Babbitt, as Pastor of the Second Reformed Dutch Church, of Philadelphia, at the Church in Eighth above Noble street, formerly under the pastoral charge of the Rev. J. C. Sears, took place last evening.

The grave of Mrs. Camp was lately opened at Middletown, Conn., for the purpose of removing the remains; and, although the body had been buried upwards of 50 years, the grave clothes were found to be very little decayed. The bones and teeth were perfect. [N. Y. Cour. & Enq.]

Don Miguel sailed on the 5th of June for Genoa, and it was reported that an attempt was made to assassinate him on his way to the vessel. Lisbon was quick.

Alexander Raphael, Esq. (merchant tailor) and John Hildge, Esq. have been elected Sheriffs of London.

Joseph Elliot, an Englishman, fell from a boat at Sagharbor, on Sunday evening, and was drowned.

The only steamboats now on the line between Montreal and Quebec, are the Canada, St. George, Canadian Eagle, and Patriot. The remainder are laid up owing to the usual stagnation of business at this season of the year. [Herald.]

Three young men were hunting yesterday, in the neighborhood of Oliver's country seat, and having laid down for the purpose of resting themselves, by some unaccountable means one of the guns went off and the contents lodged in the side of one of them—the wound it is feared will prove mortal. [Balt. Chron.]

"Taking for Granted," is the title of a new work upon which Miss Edgeworth is at present engaged, and which will soon be given to the public. We take it for granted that it will be looked for with a good deal of interest. [N. Y. Cour.]

Thomas Moon, a waiter at Congress Hall, Saratoga, died suddenly on Saturday last, by drinking cold water. He left a large family in dependant circumstances, and as soon as the fact became known a purse of \$300 was made up for their relief by the guests at the Hall. [lb.]

A man named Thompson, recently from England, had his hand blown off at Philadelphia on Tuesday, by a spark from his pipe falling into a powder horn, which exploded. A child was also much injured by the same explosion.

Fire at Roxbury.—A postscript to the Boston Post, dated Wednesday, 10 P. M., states that a fire was at that time raging in Roxbury, and which from its appearance, was an extensive one.



# LITERARY INQUIRER, And Repertory of Literature, Science & General Intelligence.

EDITED BY W. VERRINDER.

BUFFALO, WEDNESDAY, AUG. 13, 1834.

\* The editor must plead indisposition as an excuse for the late appearance and defectiveness of this number of the Literary Inquirer.

**Sunday School Celebration.**—A more interesting scene has been scarcely ever witnessed in Buffalo, than that presented yesterday in the celebration of our Sunday Schools. The day opened with clouds and rain, and we were not without fears that our youthful friends would be disappointed; but at ten the schools were safely seated in the Presbyterian Church.

The order of the exercises was as follows:—Opening prayer by the Rev. Mr. Dodge, of the Methodist Episcopal Church; The congregation then sang the 144th Psalm; Address by the Rev. Mr. Shelton, of the Episcopal church; Sabbath school hymn sung by the children; Address to the children by Mr. Miller, agent of the Genesee Sunday School Union; Address to the children by Rev. Mr. Wright, of the Seneca Mission; Address to Parents by Elder Galusha, of Rochester; Hymn, "Gospel Tidings" by the children; Address to teachers, by the Rev. Mr. Dodge; Eighth psalm sung by the congregation; Concluding prayer by the Rev. Dr. Kendrick, of Hamilton Literary and Theological Seminary.

The report, as read, represented ten Sunday Schools, 147 Teachers, and 770 children. There were assembled on this interesting occasion, children from Germany, France, England, Africa, and the Forests of America. There were many banners with appropriate inscriptions; as "Feed my Lambs," for the Infant school; "Preach the Gospel to every creature," for the African School; &c. &c. The addresses were able and interesting; the children attentive and cheerful; and the whole proceedings calculated suitably to impress all who were present. The twelfth of August, 1834, will be a day long to be remembered by the teachers, children and friends of the various Sabbath schools in this city.

## DIED,

At Mount Morris, Livingston County, on the 10th inst. Collins, the eldest son of Zana Hamilton, of Aurora, in his 21st year. Mr. Hamilton was a young man possessing good moral qualities, and rare intellectual endowments. Laboring under those disadvantages which young men in good circumstances do not, he was obliged to depend upon his own exertions in obtaining an education, and would, instead of mingling in the company of levity and mirth, retire to his closet and spend his time in some useful employment. He was endowed with a promising genius, and the manners of a gentleman; his friends were gratified to associate with him, and ever found him a kind and pleasing companion. In his death, his parents lost a dutiful son, and his associates a useful companion. [Com.]

The New York papers of Monday record a number of deaths from the extreme heat and the too free use of cold water.

We regret to learn from a Pittsburg paper of the 22d ultimo, that the existence of cholera in that city is placed beyond a doubt. There had been, however, but two or three original cases which terminated fatally; and these are said to have been produced by great carelessness or exposure of the body.

The most strenuous attempts are being made in England, by the Dissenters and others opposed to a union between church and state, to dissolve the connection between the established (Episcopal) church and the government. We have no doubt of the ultimate success of these persevering and well directed efforts, though the struggle, from the very nature of the case, must necessarily be severe and protracted.

**Cholera.**—It appears from official documents that in Montreal, in 31 days, up to August 4, there had been 500 deaths from the Cholera. It also prevails at Toronto and other places in Upper Canada with severity.

**CHEAP SUBSTITUTE.**—In a communication to the N.Y. Daily Advertiser of Tuesday, a merchant announces the following economical substitute for copying machines: "In the common ink used for writing, dissolve one drachm of lump sugar to each ounce of ink.—Moisten a sheet of unsized paper to copy with, and put it between two sheets of the same paper to absorb the superfluous moisture; then put the moistened paper on the writing, when by passing a ruler once or twice over its surface, you will have a perfect fac-simile struck through the copy paper without injuring the original."

**Spoon Stealing.**—The facility with which silver spoons can be converted into bullion and disposed of, renders them an object of peculiar attraction to the light fingered gentry. An immense number of them have been stolen lately from various parts of the city, and our citizens should be on their guard. There are crucibles kept in several houses in the city, at a heat sufficient to melt silver in a few minutes; the plate is put through a hole in the wall—the price is named—the money paid—and the silver thrown into the crucible, where it is melted instantly. [N. Y. Transcript.]

The Bill for removing the disability under which the Jews labor in England, has, we learn, been lost in the House of Lords by a majority of ninety-two.

It is said that the forwardness of crops, and the luxuriance of garden vegetation are particularly striking this year in England.

It is stated that there is a Sabbath School in Manchester, England, which contains 2,500 pupils. We presume there is no other of equal size in the world.

Orlando M'Knight, esq. formerly of Westfield, Chautauque county, has been appointed post-master at Venice, Ohio, in place of Burr Higgins resigned.

We learn from the New York papers, that the babe left in Lafayette Place, has been taken by a lady and gentleman, who have adopted it. It is said to be a most beautiful child.

**MR. BURDEN'S BOAT.**—We regret to learn, from the Albany Evening Journal, that Mr. Burden's new and beautiful little steam-boat was very seriously injured, a few days since, in the Hudson River. Both cylinders are entirely destroyed. The

loss we understand, will not fall below \$25,000. The channel was obstructed by vessels, between one of which and the dam, the boat had to pass. Finding the passage too narrow, the Pilot first rang his bell to "stop her" and then to "go back." The last bell the Engineer mistook for the one to "go a-head," which brought her up on the dam.

A late number of the Ohio Atlas and Elyria Advertiser contains an oration delivered at Elyria on the 4th ult. by one of the editors of that journal, and published in compliance with the request of the committee of arrangements. None who had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Bliss's eloquent remarks, will for a moment question the propriety of their publication; and those who were denied that privilege, will rejoice at the opportunity of reading so interesting an address.

We learn that the Rev. Orange Clark of Delhi, Delaware co. at the invitation of the Vestry, has accepted the Rectorship of Christ's Church in the village of Lockport.

A new Post-Office has been established at *Flanders*, on Long Island, between River Head and Southampton. J. Hallock Esq. is appointed Postmaster.

We learn from the N. Y. Daily Advertiser, that Mr. Edward Danforth, an American artist, has recently risen to great and deserved eminence in London, where he has spent a few years in the pursuits of his favorite art, that of engraving. He is a native of Hartford, Conn. where he began to devote himself to the branch. He afterwards spent several years in the city of New York, where his most finished work was a large portrait of Lafayette, copied from a foreign artist. He has risen by quick though regular degrees, since he left his native country, until he has attained a high rank in England.

From an excellent discourse, by the Rev. J. M. Peck—a most devoted minister of the gospel and editor of the Pioneer, in reference to the death of the late Governor of Illinois, and in which it is the preacher's object to illustrate the sentiment, that "the death of eminent men is a public calamity," we insert in our present impression a couple of choice extracts—the one giving a beautifully just idea of patriotism; the other containing Mr. Peck's concluding remarks on the necessity of education, and the laborious cultivation of the mind, in order to extensive usefulness. To the attention of our citizens generally, we would respectfully commend the former; to that of our young readers more particularly, the latter extract:

"A patriot is one who is actuated by love of his country, and who will sacrifice his own interests rather than the interests of his people. Private interests are merged in public good. True patriotism does not annul or counteract the duty of universal benevolence, for it does not call us to regard our country's interest exclusively, at the expense of the general happiness of mankind. It does not abrogate the Divine injunction to love all mankind—to love our enemies. The laws of universal justice and equity require no one to promote the interests of the country, state, town, or neighborhood where he resides, at the expense of justice, humanity, and the happiness of mankind. A nation is exalted only by righteousness, and not by rapine, and artifice. 'Equal justice to all,' has been recognized as the sentiment of this nation. True patriotism, in a citizen, displays itself in zealously supporting the honor, interests and prosperity of our country and government on principles of equal justice. It never engages in plots and conspiracies to overturn, or pervert, constitutional principles, though individuals, equally patriotic, may honestly differ in opinion about the extent and application of those principles. It never seeks to bring the government, or its constituted authorities, into contempt, and though it may approve of one set of measures, and disapprove of another, it may seek to elevate this man, as more fitted to rule than that, yet it never takes pleasure in exposing the errors of rulers, or in defaming their characters. A dutiful son may see faults in his father, and affectionately remonstrate, but until all affection is extinguished, and self-respect is lost, he will not take pleasure in exposing him."

"Shall I be told that eminent men, profound statesmen, and able commanders, have done honor to our country, and that of other nations, and yet have never entered the walls of a literary or scientific institution? Will the names of Washington, Franklin, Sherman, Rittenhouse, Patrick Henry, and a hundred more, in the last or present generation, be arrayed before me to confute the position that an educated and well cultivated mind is necessary to eminence in public life? Let it be remarked that I have not made a collegiate education, and the attendance of able instructors, in all cases, indispensable to these attainments. But it is denied that Washington, Franklin, and other sages and patriots of like character, were uneducated men, and that they attained to eminence and usefulness by mere natural genius, with uncultivated minds."

"They possessed, most unquestionably, great intellectual powers, but these were highly cultivated. They had not the advantages that many others possessed in the means of acquiring their education. By pressure of circumstances, they were forced, in a considerable degree, to educate themselves. Did such men ever arise by the mere flight of unaided genius? No; it was only by patient and long continued study, aided by much practical observation, that their mental powers became developed, and exhibited such vigor. We admonish young men to beware of the delusion that they can ever become strong rods in a political community, or eminent in any pursuit, without close study. Your partial friends may flatter your vanity by indiscreetly praising your genius and natural talents; but never expect to rise above the common level, without study and observation."

**TEMPERANCE.**—The Executive Committee of the New-York State Temperance Society have just submitted to the parent institution a very encouraging summary of results, which, by the blessing of Providence, have attended the efforts of the society in this state, during the sixth year of its operations. From this report we are happy to learn the following interesting particulars:

"The town and city associations amount to *seventeen hundred and sixty-three*. The organization of the *ten thousand* school districts in

the state is rapidly progressing; from the tenor of the reports, the committee calculate that at least *one thousand* of these minute associations are already formed. So that the committee feel safe in calculating *twenty-five hundred* as the number of associations, large and small, in the state of New-York, for the suppression of intemperance."

The present temperance strength in pledged members is estimated at 340,107; being an increase during the past year, of at least 100,000.

"Fourteen hundred and seventy-two persons have been reported as having abandoned the sale of ardent spirits during the year, in their taverns or stores; many towns in their reports state that *all* have abandoned the traffic; and numbers not being given, they cannot be estimated. In the towns reported, *twenty-eight hundred and seventy-four* persons still continue to bring on their neighborhoods taxes, beggary and death, by dealing out ardent spirit for gain. The subscription to the Temperance Recorder in the various counties of the state, amounts to 97,924—in the whole Union, over two hundred thousand."

**EARTHQUAKE.**—A short time since accounts were received of a terrible earthquake in the tropical region of South America. In the following extract from a letter to a gentleman in Boston, dated 13th June, and written at Santa Martha, the particulars are given more minutely and fully than we have previously seen.

"You have doubtless heard of the awful visitation which we experienced here on the 22d of May. This place had never before in the memory of man been visited by an earthquake sufficiently severe to do any injury; but on that night Santa Martha was nearly destroyed in the space of less than one minute. Half the buildings were thrown down, and the other half so much injured as to be uninhabitable during the rainy season, which has just set in. The shocks have continued at intervals ever since, a period of twenty-three days, during which time we have had seventy or eighty shocks. The city is almost abandoned, the inhabitants having fled to the neighboring villages, and to the woods. Those few who remain live in tents, not daring to enter their houses, and are in a state of great destitution and misery. By a wonderful interposition of Providence, not a life was lost, though many persons had the narrowest escapes from the falling houses."

**A HOAX.**—During the Revolutionary war, there was a certain Major Ryan, who was celebrated—perhaps I might with more propriety say notorious—for playing tricks, or hoaxing strangers. Of these I have heard scores, but at present remember only this: He ordered a dinner at the Bowling Green, to be ready on a particular day, about four or five days' distance; giving directions, principally in writing, not only for every dish, but for the order in which they were to be served up; and unless his orders were punctually and literally complied with, no pay was to be required. It was at the time of the adjournment of the Legislature, when there was a great concourse of people passing from Richmond in every direction. On the appointed day, he took his seat in the stage at Richmond, bound for the Bowling Green; and on the road told most miraculous stories of the potency of his olfactory nerves, and asserted that he could smell farther than any man living—even at the distance of a mile, and in a favorable state of the wind, a mile and a half. When he came thus near to the Bowling Green, he began to sniff, and recapitulate the various dishes that were provided for dinner—bacon and greens, lamb and sallad, round of beef, roast turkey, duck, fowls, cabbage, potatoes, corn, &c., &c. A poor green horn, who was staring at him with wonder, said he presumed he was only joking, such extraordinary powers of smell were never bestowed on mortal man. Ryan swore he was in earnest, and offered to wager the dinner and wine for the whole company on the correctness of his smell. The poor oaf accepted the wager, and as soon as they arrived, placed himself in the passage that led from the kitchen to the dining-room. To his utter dismay, he saw the articles paraded in the order prescribed by Ryan, and began to think that he had fallen into the hands of the devil himself. But he had no remedy. The voice of the company was unanimously against him, and he had a heavy bill to pay. Thus far Ryan had a triumph. But mark the end of it. The trick leaked out: and the *hoaxer*, who however *soft* about the head, was athletic and strong about the arms, determined to have a settlement with the *hoaxer*. He waited until Ryan descended from the stage, when, seizing him by the collar, he took the worth of his money out of his hyde; giving him, at the same time, as handsome a pair of black eyes as ever graced any of the pugilistic heroes, of Donnybrook fair, together with a gratuitous warning never again to dare to play "tricks upon travellers."

[Knickerbocker]

**A GOOD RETORT.**—They tell a pleasant story of one of our naval officers, who had the charge of the navy-yard, and who had never signalized himself on the ocean. In walking through the yard, he met a ragged boy with a basket of fragments of wood, which he had picked up; and being angry with the intruder, he gave the basket a kick, and sent it adrift. The boy began to shout and cried out, "Gi' me my basket!" The officer gave an order—"Let the brat have his basket." When it was handed to him, he refused to take it, saying, in the midst of his sobbing, "Let him keep it—let him keep it! 'Tis the first prize he ever took!" [Ib.]

**MOUNTAINS OF SALT.**—Belzoni found in the northern oases of Egypt, as Horneman had done before, the tops of the mountains of the desert encrusted with salt, and wells of sweet water rising out of a surface overspread with masses of it. Herodotus relates the same fact, 2200 years before. [Ib.]

## DIED.

On Friday, after a few hours illness, Harriet H. an interesting daughter of the hon. M. A. Andrews, aged 11 years.

On the 9th inst. after an illness of 20 hours, Artemus Clapp, aged 25 years, formerly of Norton, Mass. He was a clerk of Mr. Crane, recently from Boston, was esteemed by all that knew him, surpassed by few as to courtesy of manners, and by none in integrity.

On Saturday after a few hours illness, W. H. Griffin, clerk of Messrs. Morgan & Padelford; a young man deservedly esteemed for his courteous behavior and many amiable qualities.

At his residence, in Middletown, Conn. on the 6th inst. the hon. STEPHEN TITUS HOSMER, late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of that state, in the 72d year of his age. Judge Hosmer was bred to the bar, and was, during a long course of practice, considered a learned lawyer, and an able advocate. For a number of years he was a member of the Council of the state, and after the adoption of the new constitution, he was appointed Chief Justice; an office which he filled until he reached the age of 70, when he became disqualified by a provision of the constitution.



## POETRY.

## SUMMER.

There is a calm, sweet spirit breathing here  
About these summer scenes—of earth and sky.  
The earth is beautiful in her attire  
Of verdant green, and incense-breathing flowers:  
Her mountain summits peering to the stars,  
Her quiet valleys, slumbering in shade,  
Her rivers of pure crystal; and the songs,  
With which her groves are vocal, melt away  
Into the music of the rolling spheres.

Is it the attitude and voice of praise  
She lifts to her Creator? On the hills,  
And in the valleys, and among the groves,  
Is nature worshipping, with all her tongues,  
The unseen Spirit of the universe?  
It must be so. And ye, far silent stars,  
Sweet sentinels on the outposts of time,  
Keep ye her vigils? Are ye posted there,  
Her ministering spirits, to bear up  
On wings of light the tribute of her praise,  
And bring down Heaven's rich blessings in return?

Beautiful universe! spread out afar  
Beyond the reach of thought, on every side,  
Bearing, where'er the soul would take its flight,  
The impress of his beauty and his power  
Who called you into being, and affixed  
The seal of his own glory on your brow:  
I've gazed upon you till this world became  
A very point; and still, far, far beyond,  
Before the imagination, brightly rose  
Creation on creation.

What is man,  
I asked, with all his powers? Creation's lord  
They call him—and he treads the flowering fields,  
And climbs the hills, and in the quiet vales,  
Bends him to listen to the music there;  
Brushes, at dawn, the dewy copse, and bathes  
His fevered brow, at noon, in the cool fount;  
Looks out at evening on the coronet  
Of gems that binds the azure brow of Heaven;  
And sleeps, at morning, in a nameless grave:  
Or, numbering out his most extended span,  
And left, amid the wreck of all beloved,  
Save Hope, that lights him on—Affection's chain  
So fondly bound about his heart in youth,  
Severed in broken links—his summer gone,  
His gray hairs come, in sorrow, down to death!

The glorious universe of earth and sky,  
And suns and systems pass from change to change,  
With beauty unimpaired—but he is gone!  
The fairest of his flowers outlives him oft,  
Nature's rich bosom swells with silent joy,  
The stars shine on in peace—the sun on wings  
Of dimless glory keeps his joyous way:  
And all is happy—but this *lord of all*!  
No wonder that he pines and repeats:  
"Oh what a mystery to man—is man?"

But lo! a voice speaks out—a vision comes,  
And with it other worlds, another home,  
And higher service, and a nobler song:  
The scene is changed; this bright and teeming earth,  
All redolent of life, from age to age,  
Follows the track of time—till, worn and old,  
The long, long record of its centuries lost,  
It sinks forever; and the sun and stars  
Are blotted out of being. But afar,  
Fresh as the blush of spring, in glowing youth,  
The immortal spirit gazes on the wreck  
Of all that seemed eternal—but itself!

In such the glorious destiny of man,  
The image of his Maker? When the storms  
Of his brief night of trial shall be o'er,  
Opens before him an eternal day?  
Does he thus melt, like a sweet star, that o'er  
The mountain trembles, at the dawn of day,  
Softly away into the light of Heaven?  
Let God be praised—and to his unsurpassed  
And boundless goodness be the glory given!

[Knickerbocker.]

## WHY DO I LOVE HER?

Why do I love her? I cannot well answer,  
Except in a negative way;  
It is not because she is famed as a dancer,  
And trips over the floor like a fay;  
Nor is it because she warbles so sweetly,  
While touching the tuneful guitar;  
'Tis not that she dresses with taste and so neatly,  
'Tis something more exquisite far.

Why do I love her? 'Tis not that her beauty  
Is equalled alone by her worth;  
'Tis not that in filial affection and duty,  
She has not an equal on earth;  
Nor is it because she has genius and talents,  
With all that the schools can instil,  
A rich cultured intellect, fancy to balance,  
'Tis something more exquisite still.

Why do I love her? Because I have reason  
To know that her heart is an urn,  
Where purest affection, a stranger to treason,  
Will warmly and brilliantly burn.  
Because she will love with as fervent devotion  
As glows in a seraph above;  
Because she's alive to each tender emotion,  
I love her because she can love.

## MISCELLANY.

**DEATH OF A SOLDIER.**—Our men were starving; if we had been loaded with gold we could not have purchased any sort of food. The poor fellows, although they had forgotten their animal wants in the execution of their duty, plainly displayed in their faces the weakness of their bodies. Every man of the crowded encampment looked wan and melancholy; and all kept up their flagging spirits by resolution and patience. Many a manly fellow felt in silence the bitterness of his situation. There were no upbraidings, for all were sufferers alike.

In about an hour after the taking of the old house in front, I went out from our huts in a crowd to see the place of action. I met four or five of our men wounded, led and carried by their comrades. The officer commanding the party now joined me, and walked back to the house, to give further directions regarding other wounded men not yet removed. When we had gone about fifty yards, we met a wounded soldier carried very slowly in a blanket by four men. As soon as he saw the officer who came along with me, he cried out in a feeble but forced voice, "Stop! stop!—lay me down—let me speak to the captain." The surgeon, who was along with him, had no objection, for, in my opinion, he thought the man beyond the power of his skill, and the sufferer was laid gently down upon the turf, under the shade of a projecting rock. I knew the wounded man's face in a moment, for I had often remarked him as being a steady, well-conducted soldier; his age was about forty-one or two, and he had a wife and two children in England. I saw death in the poor fellow's face. He was shot in the throat, or rather between the shoulder and throat; the ball passed apparently downwards, probably from having been fired from the little hill on which the French posted themselves when they left the house. The blood gurgled from the wound at every exertion he made to speak. I asked the surgeon what he

thought of the man, and that gentleman whispered, "It is all over with him." He said he had done every thing he could to stop the blood, but found, from the situation of the wound, that it was impossible to succeed.

The dying soldier, on being laid down, held out his hand to my friend the Captain, which was not only cordially received, but pressed with pity and tenderness by that officer. "Sir, you have been my best friend ever since I entered the regiment—you have been every man's friend in the company, and a good officer. God bless you!—You saved me once from punishment, which you and all knew afterwards that I was unjustly sentenced to. God bless you!" Here the tears came from his eyes, and neither the Captain, nor any one around, could conceal their kindred sensation.

The poor sufferer resumed—"I have only to beg, Sir, that you will take care that my dear wife and little ones shall have my back pay as soon as possible; I am not many hours for this world." The Captain pressed his hand, but could not speak. He hid his face in his handkerchief.

"I have done my duty, Captain—have not, sir?"

"You have, Tom, you have, and nobly done it," replied the Captain, with great emotion.

"God bless you!—have only one thing more to say." Then addressing one of his comrades, he asked for his knapsack, which was immediately handed to him. "I have only one thing to say, Captain," said he, "I have not been very well this week, Sir, and did not eat all my rations. Have one biscuit—it is all I possess. You, as well as others, Sir, are without bread; take it for the sake of a poor, grateful soldier—take it—take it Sir, and God be with you!"

The poor, good-natured creature was totally exhausted as he concluded; he leaned back—his eyes grew a dull, glassy color—his face still paler, and he expired in about ten minutes after on the spot. The Captain wept like a child.

Few words were spoken. The body was borne along with us to the wood, where the division was bivouacked, and the whole of the company to which the man belonged attended his interment, which took place in about two hours after. He was wrapped in his blanket, just as was, and laid in the earth. The Captain himself read a prayer over his grave, and pronounced a short but impressive eulogy on the merits of the departed. He showed the men the biscuit, as he related to them the manner in which it had been given to him, and he declared he would never taste it, but keep the token in remembrance of the good soldier, even though he starved. The commissary, however, arrived that night, and prevented the necessity of trial to the Captain's amiable resolution. At the same time, I do believe that nothing would have made him eat the biscuit.

[Military Sketch Book.]

**MR. DURANT'S DESCENT.**—The following is Mr. Durant's account of his Aerial voyage, and his perilous descent, addressed to the publishers of the Boston morning papers:

At 5 hours, 50 minutes, by my time, I rose clear of the amphitheatre, with barely sufficient buoyancy to keep the balloon in a horizontal position, until passing over the common, I threw over two bags of sand the balloon rose finely, forming an angle with the horizon I judged of 30 or 40 degrees. This gradual ascent continued till 9 minutes past 6, when the bar. fell to 23.22. The view now and a few minutes previous was the most varied and interesting that I ever beheld. On one side the vast ocean, with hundreds of vessels for many miles around. The ocean presented an almost unbroken surface, covered apparently with a light mist or fog, and the sun striking the sails of vessels gave them much the appearance of feathers floating on the smooth surface of a pond. I could perceive in the wake of those nearly beneath me a difference in the appearance of the water caused by their motion; it was very perceptible in the wake of a steamboat which I passed a short distance from Nahant; it had much the appearance of heavy lines in engraving, diverging at or near right angles from the ground work. This gave me an idea of their course and probable wind, which I judged was more favorable for me to reach Cape Ann. I descended very slowly to ascertain at what height the wind would haul, yet perceived no sensible difference until within one-eighth of a mile from the ocean; here, by ranging with a schooner, which a few minutes before was ahead of me, standing out under a heavy press of sail, though now she had fallen in the rear, I could perceive from her that my course within one-eighth of a mile from the ocean would strike the eastern point of Cape Ann—but it was impossible to keep the balloon within that distance of the surface without a great expenditure of ballast or striking the water, or soaring above into the lower edge of the upper and more western current, which would have carried me to the eastward of Cape Ann; therefore I resolved on letting go both anchors to trail in the water. They struck at 6h. 20m. with 2 or 300 ft. of cable, a few miles beyond Nahant, though the aërostat was moving with such velocity as to prevent the anchors sinking more than 10 or 15 feet from the surface, and indeed the velocity frequently caused them to skip over the surface. This gave the balloon an undulating motion, sometimes 200 or 300 feet high, and sometimes barely touching the water; by this means I was enabled to secure all the advantages of the wind, and was making a straight course for the Cape, when a heavy flaw of wind struck the balloon with such force as to throw it in a horizontal line with the car, which struck the ocean and filled with water. My car being of open wicker work, I judged by throwing out some of the ballast the water would run out and I should be enabled to rise clear, but it was drawn with such force that the water could not run out. This occurred at 6h. 37m. and left me partially immersed in water. Judging it difficult and dangerous to continue as far as Cape Ann in that situation, and seeing a sloop to the leeward of me and within a quarter of a mile of the course I was making, I judged by retarding its progress as much as possible, she would be able to intersect the line I was making and arrest the balloon; but instead of bearing down with the sloop, the small boat was manned, and before they could intersect my course I was a mile beyond them.

A sheet which I carry to fold the balloon, and my flag I had spread as much as possible across the car to retard my progress for this boat. This sank me to the waist in water, and materially increased the danger and difficulty of reaching the cape. At this time a schooner at the eastward was bearing down, and my car being so far in the water, she came up with me at 7 o'clock. I exchanged a few words with the captain, requested he would pass me close under my lee and throw me a line. I saw a man attempting to throw a dippy line, and told them it would not hold me, when they caught up a very stout line which I made fast to the car. This line proved to be the halliards, and the schooner on the wind, with the force of the wind on my balloon, and the line drawing from mast head, carried me up 300 feet, when I descended with such velocity as to be for the first time completely immersed in water. A second time it was carried up in like manner—and when about 300 feet high, a flaw of wind upturned the balloon, so as to exhaust the gas in an instant. In falling, I was under water half a minute, though I had on a gum elastic life preserver, which Mr. Dorr, of the Roxbury factory, had the kindness to lend me. Yet I was so entangled with the cords, that thirty seconds elapsed before I could extricate myself and come

to the surface, where I was comfortably resting myself on the life preserver, when capt. Spaulding of the schooner Miner of Thomaston, came to me in the small boat and took me and the aërostat board. With so much fatigue, and having tasted nothing but water since breakfast, you may imagine, gentlemen, that I felt much in my new quarters.

I was shown every attention by capt. Spaulding, who gave me clothes to shift and soon prepared me tea, which I partook of with a fine appetite. I rested well on board, and this morning on arriving in the harbor, capt. Spaulding had breakfast prepared, which in company with Mr. T. W. Partridge, a passenger, and capt. Spaulding, I partook of in fine cheer, and arrived at my lodgings, Tremont House, at quarter past 9, enjoying my usual good health and spirits. I feel under many obligations to the citizens generally for their kind attentions, and to the gentlemen who kindly assisted me to fill the balloon. In consequence of the violent wind, I deemed it prudent to leave the rabbit and parachute, which would have been very cumbersome. When over Boston, I found my barometer half way through the car, the ring by which I suspended it having broken off; and while attaching a cord a few inches from the top, I broke the thermometer. This left me with nothing but the barometer, which at starting stood 30.01 thermometer 77 deg.; at 6h. 1m. bar. 24.2; at 6h. 5m., 23.52; at 6h. 9m. 23.32.

The balloon is much injured, and if it can be repaired, it must require two weeks. I shall ascertain in a few days; and if it can be done, I shall be ready and willing in three weeks to make another ascension for a liberal Boston public.

**PROGRESS OF LIBERTY.**—Of those things that influence the constitution of man, none have been more fluctuating or liable to vicissitude, than the spirit of Liberty. It has passed progressively through all climes, and visited in turn almost every people. It looked into Asia, sojourned with the sons of Africa, and traversed speedily the different states of Europe. It appears to have been driven from clime to clime, and to have enjoyed but for a short season, the hospitality of any region. Like some disconsolate and unfortunate man, who do good and receive evil; who commiserate and are hated; who blessed with charity, while pressed themselves by want—it has flown round the world, carrying blessings of peace and joy, and gratulation, to all, and in turn has been retributed by expulsion and banishment. Its last home in Europe was among the glaciers of Switzerland, and the rocks of Uri.

Pressed by the bloody and desolating crimes of ambition, and pursued by the genius of tyranny and discord, the certain Upas of Liberty, it flapped its wings, and ascended like the homeward bound angel, in search of a more congenial habitation. Pouring out the tears of sorrow, and breathing in soft murmurs the sympathies of a sad valediction, it held its course through the regions of trackless space, and as the eagle—soared to its native azure. But on its flight it descended, tossed on the mountain billow, and drifting to a returnless distance, the barks that bore the first emigrants to America. Flying from the persecution and religious intolerance, the Pilgrims had committed themselves to the sport of the winds and waves, and suffered the decision of the waving element to direct them to an unknown home. The genius of Liberty, moved by pity for their perils, with an anxious eye followed afar to watch the end of their adventure and intercede with rude fate for their deliverance from danger. They at length landed at Plymouth, bowed in adoration of that Providence which had wafted them in safety across the deep, and piously greeted the soil never yet stained by the crimes of civilized man. Scarcely had the smoke from their first tents ascended to the clouds, ere the genius of liberty was hovering in sight. Slowly gliding along the shores of the Atlantic, its renovated form seemed decorated with new beauties. Its corruscent pinions flashed with superadded lustre. Displaying its charms in the most enchanting attitudes, it sealed its image in the hearts of the emigrants who stood gazing on the vision.

So strange, so beautiful, so alluring the apparition, their hearts filled with new born joy, and thrilled with mingled reverence, love and delight. They chanted with one voice, salutations to the certain prognostic of freedom's presence with the train of blessings, and welcomed the harbinger of their future happiness. The genius invited by their acclamations, approached, sanctified the gladdened group, blessed them with its counsels, and inspired them with its courage. Pouring upon the head of each the oil of plenty, it pronounced benedictions and promises, saying, "to you and your posterity will I forever confirm the cup of happiness. Love truth, love virtue, love peace, love me, and no other condition will be required to perpetuate my blessings to the latest ages. [Buf. D. Adv.]

**AVARICE OF A PERSIAN KING.**—The avarice of Aga Mohammed sometimes betrayed him into awkward and even ludicrous predicaments. While superintending certain punishments one day, he heard a man who had been sentenced to lose his ears offering to the executioner a few pieces of silver, "if he would not shave them very close." He ordered the culprit instantly to be called, and told him that if he would double the sum his ears should not be touched. The man, believing this to be only a facetious manner of announcing his pardon, prostrated himself, uttered his thanks, and was retiring, but he was recalled and given to understand that payment was really expected as the condition of his safety. On another occasion he himself disclosed a conspiracy to defraud his nobles. Riding out with some courtiers, a mendicant met the party, to whom the king, apparently struck with his distress, ordered a large alms to be given. The example was, of course, followed by all, and the beggar obtained a considerable sum. That night the sovereign's impatience betrayed his secret: "I have been cheated," said he, to his minister; that scoundrel of a mendicant, whom you saw this morning, not only promised to return my own money, but to give me half of what he should receive through its means from others!" Horsemen were instantly ordered in pursuit; but the fellow took care not to be caught, and the courtiers laughed in their sleeve at his majesty's disappointment.

**TRAVELLING ACCIDENT.**—"Which place did you travel from?" asked a wag of a crooked backed gentleman.

"I came straight from Wheeling," was the reply.

"Did you so?"—said the other, "then you have been shockingly warped by the rail-road."

THE LITERARY INQUIRER,  
And Repertory of Literature, Science and General Intelligence.

Is published every Wednesday, in quarto form, on a sheet of the same size as the New-York Mirror, and is devoted to Original and Selected Tales, Biographical Sketches, Poetry, Literary Intelligence, Domestic and Foreign News, &c.  
**Terms.**—No subscription received for less than a complete volume, which will be published in six months, and consist of twenty-six super royal quarto numbers of eight pages each. The price will be for one year (two volumes), \$2.00 payable within one month from the time of subscribing; \$2.50 within six months; or \$3.00 within the year. Six months (one volume), \$1.25 payable within one month from the time of subscribing; or \$1.50 at any time within the six months. When the proprietor has to employ a collector, an additional Fifty Cents will be invariably charged. Orders and communications must be addressed (postage free) to the proprietor, W. Ferris, 177, Main-street, Buffalo.